5/- a Day for Life (see page 433)

SEPTEMBER

THE ROYAL

4 PENCE

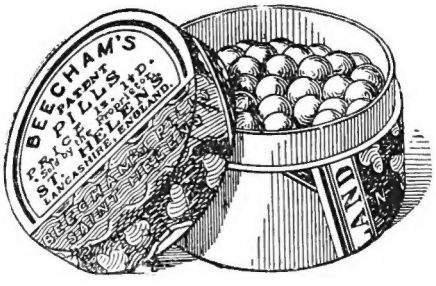
PUBLISHED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., LONDON, W.C.

A SINGLE BOX OF

BEECHAM'S PILLS

CAN cure and chase away more ills than you're aware of.

To Remember to keep a box by you, and
To Remember to take a dose of the pills
at the proper time is the



A B C OF HEALTH.

They ensure
A CLEAR HEAD,
PURE BLOOD,
A HEALTHY LIVER,
A SOUND STOMACH,

and therefore as a natural consequence

THEY PREVENT AND CURE

NERVOUSNESS	SICK HEADACHE	BACKACHE
INDIGESTION	ANÆMIA	GRAVEL
BILIOUSNESS	FLATULENCY	SKIN ERUPTIONS
CONSTIPATION	DEPRESSION	INSOMNIA.

THE GREATEST TREASURE IN THE BEDROOM
is a box of

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to All.—Tennyson.

"Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE."—*Ruskin.*

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE and you CREATE for the World A DESTINY more SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY.—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN,
THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

is Health-giving, Purifying, Soothing, Cooling, Refreshing and Invigorating, and will be found a Natural, Simple and Effective Remedy for

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE.—"You may be interested to know that I have used 'FRUIT SALT' for more than fifteen years, and it is the only medicine I need. It was ordered for me by a most eminent Physician, and I have recommended it to very many from time to time.—Yours faithfully, (Signed) Rev. —— (September 20, 1900)."

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a Disordered or Feverish Condition is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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Is alive to the fact that

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Stand alone in point of value. We want the other half also to test and prove the value for themselves by ordering one of these Wonderful Garments, or we will send, Post Free, our

LATEST CATALOGUE OF FASHION.

THE
JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS.

Made in strong Serge or Coating, with saddle top, full sleeves and pocket.

LENGTHS & PRICES.

21	24	27	30 in.
1/6	2/-	2/6	3/- ea.
33	36	39	42 in.
3/6	4/-	4/6	5/- ea.

and 45 in. 5/6 each.

Lengths are from top of neckband to edge of Skirt in front.

Carriage, 4d.

COLOURS of **J.N.** Serge and Coating are Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.

MODEL 963.

A perfectly plain tailor-built Skirt, the latest cut, in **J.N.** Serge or Coating, **5/6**; in Strong Cotton Drill (unlined) all the newest shades **5/11**; in New Sovereign Wool Serge, Black, Navy, Crimson, Blue, or Cream, **12/6**; in Shrunk Holland, **6/6**.

Carriage, 5d. extra.

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Fashionable Coat and Skirt Costume Coat stitched white or black as desired. Made in **J.N. Cheviot Serge** and **Costume Coating**. Price **10/6**. Carriage 6d. Skirt alone, **5/6**. Carriage, 5d. Also in the New Sovereign Wool Serge, Black, Navy, Crimson, Blue, Pink, or Cream, **27/6**.

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Famous Fabrics in which these Garments are made.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH OF THE

J.N. Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating (6 yds. 52in. wide), for **7/6** **Carriage, 8d.**

THESE GARMENTS ARE OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM JOHN NOBLE, LTD., The Sole Manufacturers.

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DAY & NIGHT ACHROMATIC

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DAY & NIGHT
ACHROMATIC
FIELD & MARINE - GLASS - FOR £2 0 0.

As used in the British **NAVY.**

Specially selected achromatic lenses of extra defining power. Can be used in the Day or Night time. Russia leather covered, complete in case, price **36/-** cash, or on monthly payments **£2 0 0.**

FIRST SEND 5/-

and these splendid Day and Night Glasses will be sent you by return post. If satisfactory, complete purchase in 7 monthly payments of 5/- each. Cash refunded in full if glasses not approved of, and are returned at once.

"Gents, "Glasgow.
"I am more than delighted with the pair of Day and Night Glasses, which I received all right. A better pair of glasses for the money could not be wished for; they have proved satisfactory in every way, and I must say the workmanship is splendid.
"WM. STEWART."

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£2 0 0.

Catalogue of Watches, Clocks, Glasses, &c., FREE.

MASTERS, LTD., 156, HIGH ST., RYE, SUSSEX.

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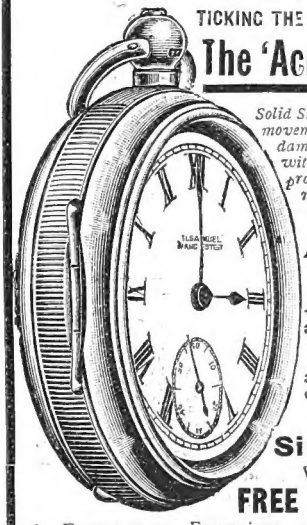

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Solid Silver Case, fine 3-plate movement, jewelled, dust and damp-proof cap, and fitted with the latest patented improvements. Written Warranty for Seven Years.

We Send on Approval for **5/-**

Wear it for 7 days, and then, if satisfied, remit balance, 20/-.

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You get a **Splendid Bargain** when you exchange **10/6, 16/6 or 25/-** for a

None so good!

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

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Mabie, Todd & Bard,
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95a, Regent St., W.; 3, Exchange St., Manchester; and 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris.

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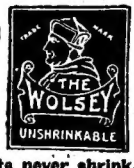
(BRITISH MADE.)

UNSHRINKABLE — **UNDERWEAR.**

GUARANTEED — **ALL WOOL.**



WOLSEY Garments never shrink, and as a proof of good faith, the Manufacturers will replace, free of charge, any garment shrunk in washing.

For Men, Women, and Childrens' wear, in all sizes, Qualities, and Prices.

Of all Drapers, Hosiers, and Outfitters.

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Even if the "Masta" cost 20/- it would be cheap where a matter of Personal Pleasure and Health is concerned, but as a fact the "Masta" Pipe is sold at **1/6, 2/6, 3/6** and upwards. The only difference is in the quality, the principle being the same in each. The "Masta" Pipe can be obtained at Tobacconists or from **The "MASTA" P.P. Co.** (Dept. 4.) **153, Fleet St., London, E.C.**

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED FOR 14 YEARS.

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BEDDING, WIRE MATTRESSES, COTS, AND BEDROOM FURNISHINGS DIRECT FROM WORKS.

QUALITY, FIT & FINISH—BEST POSSIBLE.

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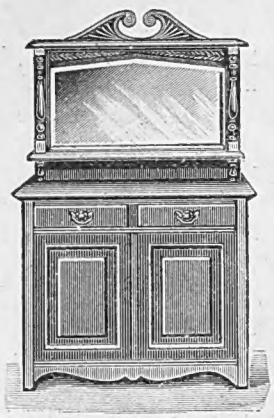
FURNISH STRAIGHT FROM THE FACTORY

AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.



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CASH £5 5s.
or **CREDIT**—
10s. 6d. down, and 10 monthly payments of 10s. 6d. or 21 payments of 5s. 6d.

OUR SPECIAL
BEDROOM SUITE
CASH £10 10s.
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The "Malvern" Sideboard, 3ft. 6in. wide, contains two separate cupboards and two drawers of convenient size and more than usual depth. British crystal bevelled reflecting mirror, 34in. by 18in. Carved in relief, Doric spindles, and full length shelf for display of china. Top heavily moulded, and the drawers and doors are also nicely moulded. Soundly made in Walnut, Oak, and Mahogany, and lined with White Poplar, **solid throughout**, no veneers or facings used, finished with good quality locks and brasswork.

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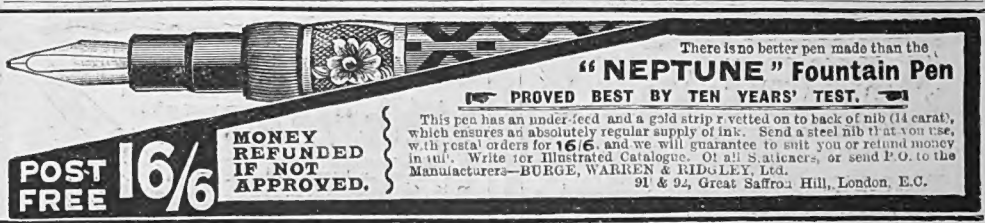

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☞ **PROVED BEST BY TEN YEARS' TEST.** ☜

This pen has an under-feed and a gold strip riveted on to back of nib (14 carat), which ensures an absolutely regular supply of ink. Send a steel nib that you use, with postal orders for **16/6**, and we will guarantee to suit you or refund money in full. Write for Illustrated Catalogue. Of all Stationers, or send P.O. to the Manufacturers—BURGE, WARREN & RIDGLEY, Ltd.
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Remarkable Treatment that Develops the Bust Six Inches and Rounds out the Figure. Perfectly Safe and Harmless Home Treatment, Fully Described, Free to All.

Every woman who through sickness or worry or any other cause lacks the natural development of bust, can easily regain a perfect figure by a new and remarkable treatment that quickly enlarges the bust to full proportion. Mrs. Andrews writes:—"Am fully satisfied with using Diano. My chest measurement has increased six inches. My general health has much improved." Miss Moreton writes:—"Diano acting splendidly, already developed two inches." Mrs. Crook writes:—"Diano has had wonderful effect, bosoms are getting quite full." Miss Gould writes:—"My figure is perfectly developed by Diano. Shall not require any more." These ladies have intimated their pleasure to give their experience to others (full address will be given to *bona fide* applicants). *It is a home treatment* that any lady can easily use in her private apartments, and is guaranteed to give the desired result without the slightest inconvenience. By sending your name and address to LADY MANAGER, A.T. ESPANOLA MEDICINE CO. (Dept. 109), 203a, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W., you will receive FREE full description of this remarkable method which will enable you to attain perfect bust development at moment's very slight expense. The description is mailed to you free in a perfectly plain and sealed envelope and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely the bust can be developed, and it will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.

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Purest of the Pure.
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That is what every user says. So simple and yet so efficient. Cheaper than any other but just as good as the best. Complete in box with filler, post free, 3/-

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But it is not often that the payment of £1 down can secure you such excellent value as

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It is the highest value for money ever offered to the thrifty housewife. It contains:—

1 Pair White Cloth Blankets, 84 inches long, 66 inches wide 7lbs. weight, good, soft and fleecy; 1 Single Cloth Under-Blanket, 72 inches by 59 inches; 1 Handsome Fringed Quilt, fast colours, 3 yds. long, 2½ yds. wide, in Pink and White, Sky and White, or Crimson and White, pretty Floral Patterns; 1 Pair Heavy Pure Twill Sheets, 2½ yds. by 1½yds.; 1 Pretty Swiss Dress-Table Cover, 45 ins. long, 12 ins. wide, an artistic Open-Work Cover.

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Nothing of equal value can be obtained in the ordinary Shop or Warehouse.

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I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody."

"How?"

"Oh, something new—The Murray Ear-Drum

I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see 'em—they're invisible.

I wouldn't know I had 'em in myself, only that I hear all right."

The Murray Ear-Drum

is really a substitute for the working parts of the natural ear. Has no wire. Contains no rubber, metal nor glass. Invisible, easy to adjust, comfortable and safe. Totally different from any other device.

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To all sufferers from Exhaustion of Nerve Force, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Sleeplessness, Gout, Rheumatism, and Kindred Ailments, Anæmia or Poorness of Blood, and Irregular Circulation or Varicocele, we can offer special help. As a nervine Tonic and invigorating agent, Electricity, as we skilfully employ it, has no equal in the whole field of therapeutics, and may be relied upon to restore weakened constitutions to pristine strength and energy.

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BECAUSE !! the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms, instead of attacking the root of the disease.

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Sufferers will receive, Post Free,

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Mr. Weidhaas has tried the treatment on himself after having been given up as incurable, and cured himself, and had then practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of Special Cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by his treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET.

Read the following Testimonial, one out of thousands received:

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS CURED.

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(From a Photo.)

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The Director is prepared to pay

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WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.

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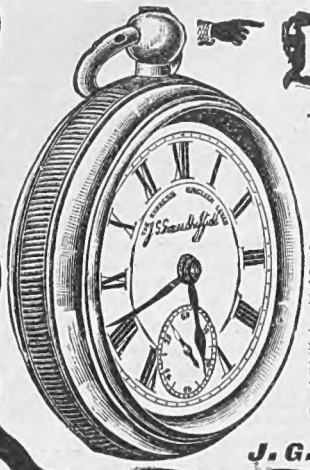

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Shakespeare

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Specification. First-grade English Lever Movement, Capped and Jewelled, Safety Winding Pinion, Chronometer Balance, & all Latest Improvements.

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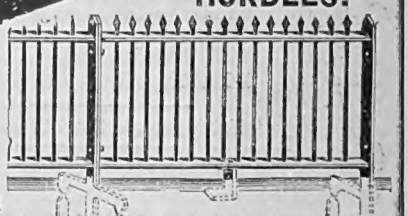

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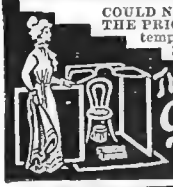

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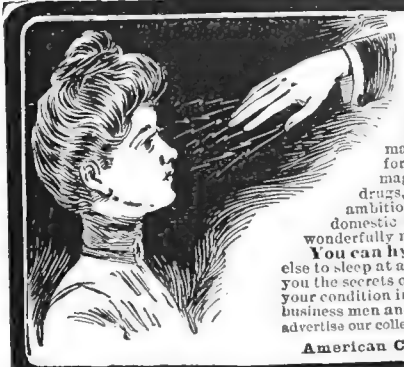

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At a late meeting of the Otological Society, an eminent aurist made the startling report that out of 1000 school children he found 520 afflicted by defective hearing. Another medical man also stated that he had detected a similar proportion of deaf children out of 200 examined in a Liverpool school. With such an alarming proportion of deaf people growing up in our midst, it is most important to call public attention to the necessity for detecting the beginning of defective hearing. The medical profession in general are doing all they can in this direction, but it has remained for the Drouet Institute to sweep away the scientific verbiage with which aurists have surrounded the investigation of ear diseases, and to give publicity to a description, in plain words, of simple tests of the hearing that enable anyone to detect the slightest degree of Deafness. This description, with much valuable information on the prevention of ear diseases, the care of the ears, and opinions on the curability of deafness, have been embodied by the Drouet Institute in the *Journal for the Deaf*, which is issued quarterly.

This publication, which is devoted entirely to the interests of those who are afflicted by deafness, or by any diseases of the ear, nose, or throat, can be obtained free by post by addressing the Secretary, Drouet Institute, 72, Regent's Park Road, Primrose Hill, N.W. The *Journal* also describes a Method of Treating Deafness by external application that has been repeatedly successful in curing ear diseases, and in restoring hearing in cases pronounced incurable by the usual aural treatment.

In fact, the continued success of this method has led to the publication of a "Supplement" to the *Journal*, which gives a monthly record of the cases cured by the Institute. These reports show that during the first quarter (January, February, and March) of this year 103 cases were cured, while the records for April, May, and June each contain upwards of forty cured cases.

Those who are interested in knowing how to apply this method will find that each *Journal* is accompanied by a Patient's Report Form, which enables anyone to receive full particulars as to the use of the treatment at home. Any advice by correspondence is absolutely free.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

JAMES COLE.

HOLDICH STREET,
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PETERBOROUGH,
December 16th, 1901.

DR. RICE.

Dear Sir,

It gives me great pleasure to bear testimony as to the efficacy of your treatment for your cure of Rupture. Mine was a bad rupture, and when I saw your advertisement in the paper I felt rather doubtful as to a permanent cure; but I am thankful that I tried it, and am glad to say that I do not feel anything of it now. It was just the treatment I wanted, and I have not been disappointed, as it has quite cured me. I shall be glad if I can be helpful to any of my fellow sufferers by telling them of your remedy for Rupture, and you are at liberty to use this letter in any way you think best to induce others afflicted with rupture to avail themselves of your valuable remedy.

Very gratefully yours—JAMES COLE.

I publish this letter, with Mr. Cole's permission, to show that Rupture can be cured. To more fully introduce this method, I will send, in a plain sealed package, a sample of the treatment, a book explaining the method, and a list of cures.

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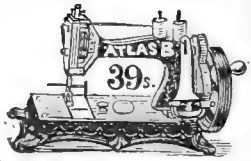

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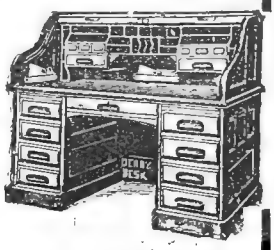

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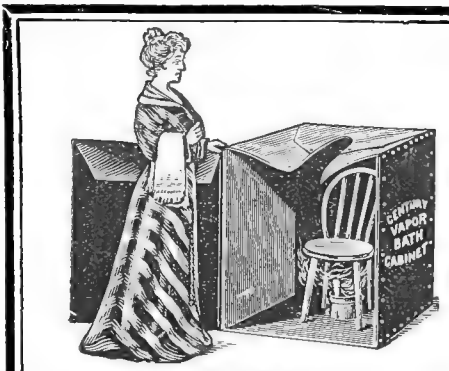

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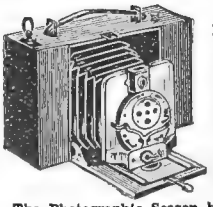

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he can not hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

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The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

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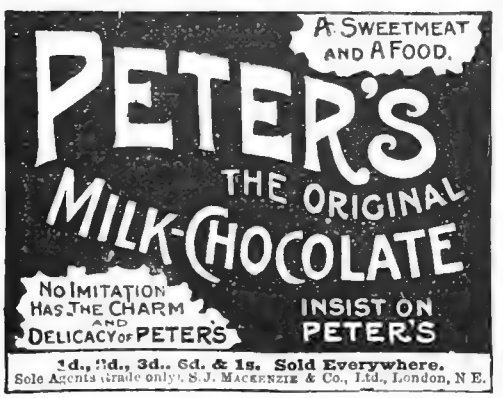
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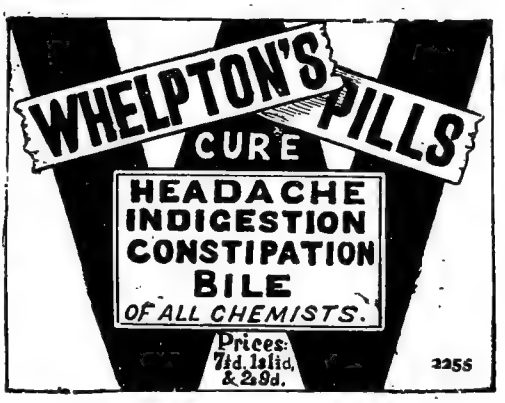

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Photo by *Reutlinger.*

OLGA NETHERSOLE.

She began her stage career at the early age of twelve, when she appeared before a house of maniacs at Colney Hatch. "On that occasion," she tells you, "I had my first and last attack of stage fright." Miss Nethersole was piloted on to the stage by Charles Hawtrey. She tells an amusing tale how she was hailed by the critics of a Brighton paper, early in her career, as "a coming comedienne." Rather hard on a girl whose ambition was high tragedy—wasn't it?

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From the Stalls.

Photo by *Ellis & Walery.*

HILDA ANTHONY.

A bright, breezy little lady of barely sixteen summers, hailing from Santiago, in South America. She has been on the stage only a year, but knows a good deal about things theatrical. She is musical on both sides of her family, and sings very prettily. Did you see her in "Bluebell"? She was charming. We wish you luck, pretty Miss Hilda!

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Photo by *Ellis & Walery.*

JOAN KEDDIE.

Scotland claims this pretty girl, though London has seen most of her successes. Bright to talk to, ever smiling, always apparently happy, she loves her profession more than anything else. In fact, her greatest hobby, she says, is acting and singing. Before she took to the stage, Miss Joan Keddie was frequently to be heard on the boards of the principal concert halls in town. But now she has deserted the concert for the operatic stage, and certainly the Savoy Theatre would be sorry to lose her.

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Photo by *Ellis & Walery.*

AGNES FRASER.

Savoy stars are always brilliant lights, and Agnes Fraser nobly keeps up their good reputation. Pretty, piquant, and fresh, her sweet voice goes straight to the hearts of all who hear her. She hails "frae the land o' the Leal," like many another sweet singer, and has come to the front quickly, where she will stay, we may be assured. A charming companion and a delightful talker.

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Photo by *Ellis & Walery.*

CONNIE POWELL.

She ran away from school when little over fifteen, not so long ago either, and went on the stage, where she has been ever since. "Ambitions? Oh, yes; lots! And I love dancing and music above all things, except perhaps strawberries and cream!" She is a most fascinating little lady, full of life and gaiety, and fresh as a spring rose.

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ARTHUR PLAYFAIR.

Like Mr. Cyril Maude and other actors, he was originally intended for the Army. For he comes of a good old Service family. But the charms of "the profession" proved too much for him, and fifteen years ago he made his first appearance on the boards.
And who regrets his decision? For it is very unlikely that Mr. Playfair would have been as excellent a soldier as he is an actor.

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

G. P. HUNTLEY.

Here's success to your fooling, Mr. G. P. Huntley! And you who saw him in "Kitty Grey" and "Three Little Maids" won't you join me in the wish? Is he not the most perfect impersonation of the aristocratic fool you have ever seen?
Mr. Huntley is a great traveller, and is very keen on the country, where he lives with his wife, "Miss Eva Kelly."

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

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Photo by *Ellis & Walery.*

GWENDOLINE BROGDEN.

Little Miss Gwendoline could sing almost before she could speak, and at four years old danced a minuet in public! Her charming voice was well known in London drawing-rooms before she went on the stage, playing under Seymour Hicks's capital management in "Blue Bell." Certainly, we look forward to seeing pretty Miss Gwendoline at the head of her profession before long.

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Photo by *Ellis & Walery.*

WINNIE HART DYKE.

If you want to see some really good dancing you should go and see Miss Winnie Hart Dyke. She is a charming *danseuse*. Madame Cavallazzi ought to be proud of her pupil. And off the boards Miss Hart Dyke is a very delightful young lady. She comes of a distinguished service family, all her relations having worn the King's uniform. She is a great admirer of Dickens, and a capital talker. Her favourite recreation is doing nothing, and she confesses a decided weakness for wedding cake and Christmas plum pudding. And, certainly, we are with you there, Miss Winnie!

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A Richly Earned Reward.

By Gertie de S. Webster.

The pavement-artist sighed.

He felt that acutely inflamed sunsets and anatomically impossible race-horses were beginning to pall, and that if the pale wife and half-dozen pale babies were to be fed more than once a day he must find fresh field for artistic inspiration.

Kneeling forward on one leg and resting upon the stump of the other he slowly erased the "Eddystone Lighthouse before a Storm" with hands that were numb and blue with cold.

Just as he was wearily wondering whether the portrait of an eyeglass and an orchid, or a church in a snowstorm would appeal to the jaded public taste, a carriage drew up in front of the library which was situated only a few feet away from his "studio."

The eye of the pavement-artist brightened, though his face immediately donned an additional mask of ostentatious gloom and despair, and the remaining portion of his severed limb was quickly placed in an attitude of pathetic prominence.

The occupants of the carriage—two women clad in the fur and velvet winter livery of the rich—entered the library, followed by a footman carrying a pile of books, whose weirdly grotesque bindings, rough paper and wide margins testified to the impressionist tastes of the reader.

After about ten minutes they reappeared and then the pavement-artist emitted a hollow cough.

It was effectual; the ladies looked round; while the younger one, with a kindly smile touching the corners of her pathetically drooping lips, left her companion and spoke to the *al fresco* R.A.

"Are you better to-day?" she asked.

It was evident that their acquaintance was one of some standing.

"Yes, mum, thank you kindly, mum, I'm better if it wasn't for the cough as gets wusser every day, and the rheumatiz as seems to be a spreadin' hall hover of me now," he replied.

"I am, oh! I *am* so sorry," and the look on the speaker's face as she dropped half-a-crown into the insinuatingly-placed cap caused the pavement-artist to remember a depicted angel on a stained glass window that he had seen in a church long ago; and in a lower tone he said—

"Thank yer, mum, and bless yer, mum:—this'll mean a rare supper for the missis and the kids, this will . . . It's been a very bad day," he went on, encouraged by the girl's look of interested sympathy "yer see, sometimes, I think the folks is gitting a bit tired of these seas and skies."

"If so they must be very unappreciative, for you do them so cleverly; but if you think that, why not try some fancy pictures—a pretty girl's face for instance?" suggested his patroness.

The idea seemed to please the "path artist," so with a heavier pocket and a lighter heart he sharpened his chalks and recommenced work.

As the two fur-clad women drove homewards the elder hastily scanned her companion's newly-chosen literature.

"Another batch of depressing unrealism, Até?" she said. "As far as I can see there is not a cheerful sentence likely to be found in the entire six volumes. Why this morbid craving for low spirits, my dear?"

Até Servain turned her mournful grey eyes towards the speaker, and with a break in her voice, replied gently:

"Because I find that sad things hurt me less now, Kitty."

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Her friend took her hand with understanding woman-sympathy and was silent for a moment.

After a pause she said:

"How long is it since—since—it was ended?"

"Two months."

"And do you regret it, dear?"

"Regret it! Oh, Kitty, you ask me that when actually my whole being feels—feels *stultified* for the want of him. Regret it! I'd renounce five years of my youth—and that's no small renunciation at twenty-four!—if only there had never been such things as red ties in the world."

"But, dearie," said Mrs. Lorton-Granville—known to her world as "Kitty"—"red ties? I don't understand. Was it about a red tie that you parted?"

"Well, as it is not the red flag that kills the bull, yet it is that which helps him to his doom; so a red tie, without being the ostensible reason of our parting, caused the beginning of the quarrel that now leaves him free to . . . *love other women!* . . . . I will tell *you*, though I don't think I could speak of it to anyone else."

The grey glove again softly patted the white one, and, encouraged by the *suède*-clad sympathy, Até Servain told her story.

"We were walking down the Burlington one day," she began, "when a window, lurid with those bright red ties, caught my eye. I asked Donald to go and buy one, saying how I liked to see a dark man lightened up by a touch of colour. He refused, giving his opinion that the bigger the bounder the brighter the tie. I, who regard the having of one's own way as a feminine perquisite, was annoyed at what seemed to me a petty display of will-assertion, and persisted in my idiotic request till he got vexed and said I ought to have been engaged to an organ-grinder wearing a bandana. Then I replied that—well, so on, and so on. Recrimination followed sarcasm, and before I reached home I was my own property once more! . . . Though, of course, our engagement was ostensibly broken off because we agreed we could not agree, in reality it was on account of—*red ties!*"

"Can you not recall him?" suggested Kitty.

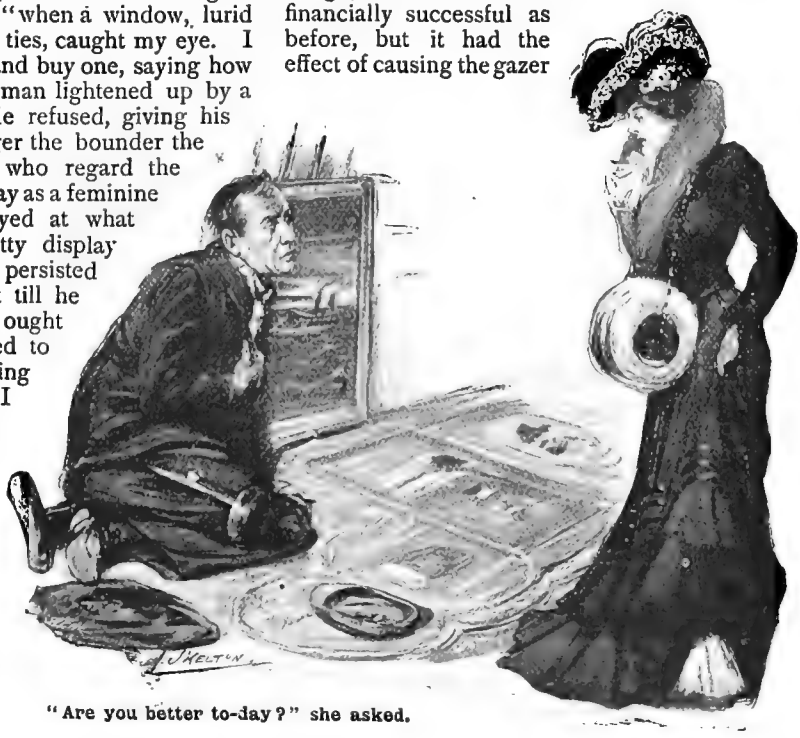
"Oh! yes I—a *woman*—could easily acknowledge that life was intolerable without him—a *man*—and it would be quite possible for me to make the first advances; but women of the Servain family have a different way of looking at such things. As far as I know, he has no desire for a reconciliation, and if he doesn't want me, why I—I don't want him," and sorrow once more bent the white neck that pride had a moment before elevated almost beyond the limits of the sable 'storm' collar.

Mrs. Lorton-Granville sighed, feeling that her sympathy was only equalled by her impotence.

Meanwhile the pavement-artist progressed apace with the new design, and almost unknowingly he discovered that the fresh subject was nothing more or less than an entirely successful portrait of his patroness.

He was just looking at his work with a glow of artistic satisfaction when he observed a tall dark gentleman regarding his latest achievement with unconcealable astonishment and eagerness.

The pavement-artist obtruded the hollow cough, which was not so financially successful as before, but it had the effect of causing the gazer



"Are you better to-day?" she asked.

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to realise that the picture was not a natural product of the flagstone. He turned to the man.

"What—who is that intended to be?" he asked.

"Well, sir, it wern't *hintended* for h'anybody," replied the P.A. growing apologetic as he noted the firm stern mouth and lowering dark brows of his interlocutor, "but I can't 'elp saying it 'as growed to be somethink sim'lar to a lidy as comes to this 'ere librarey to git new books every Monday and Thursday at near four o'clock—and a rare good lidy she is, as my 'ungry missis and the kids could say."

The gentleman gazed long at the rough, highly-coloured sketch and gradually the lines about his mouth softened.

"Does—does the lady look as sad as that?" he asked in a moment.

"Yussir, yussir, that she do, and a sight more pale; but one can't be allus faithful to Natur' on the path, for folks like plenty of colour for their money. I'm told it's just the same at the Royal 'cademy," he concluded, carelessly adjusting the insinuatingly empty cap.

The two . . entered the carriage together.

"Pale and sad—pale and sad," murmured the gentleman, forgetting that he and his thoughts were not alone.

The pavement artist began to count his money—omitting the half-crown and sundry shillings and sixpences—hoping to give the conversation a more personal turn.

The plan was effectual; the gentleman came closer to him and spoke with a new hopefulness in his voice:

"Look here, my man," he said; "could you draw my portrait?"

"Most suttingly, sir; for you've a sight more features, so to speak, than the lidy."

"Then do a head and bust of myself for next Thursday and have it finished by the time the lady arrives; but you are to make me wearing a bright red tie—*bright red*—do you understand?"

"Yussir."

"Make me look sad if you can—"

"Oh, yus! hexpression's no hobjec', sir——"

"—And write underneath these words." Here the speaker tore a leaf from his pocket-book on which he scribbled: "A sign of submission." "I shall be round on Thursday at about four to have a look at myself, and if—if—it is a success *this* shall be doubled"; and, for the first time, the empty cap held a golden piece. "If the lady asks about the picture simply say it is *a commission*."

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Até Servain paused to speak to her *protégé* before she entered the library.

"It is warmer to-day, so I hope you——"

The sentence was never finished. The work of the P.A. had cheated him out of his lawful meed of sympathy.

The girl looked up after a moment, during which time the soul had shone from out her eyes on to the pavement.

"Tell me who—who is that?" she half whispered.

"A *commission*, mum," replied the artist, with a certain new dignified professional reserve. ("That red I put on her cheeks the other day warn't a bit too much," he thought.)

"Are you open to accept another?"

"Well, mum, I'm mostly open to accept hanythink."

"Then do you think you could draw my portrait?"

The P.A. hurriedly looked down amongst his chalks before he replied.

"Yuss, mum, I've hevery reason to believe I could," he answered.

"Very well. Could you get it finished by the time I come out of the library, in about a quarter of an hour?"

"Oh, yuss, mum; I did train to be a lightning hartist afore I took up this line. Many's the time I've drawed a pig and an 'ouse, and an old woman with a wash-tub in two minutes. So I bet I can do you, mum, in a quarter of an hour," he said, in a tone of respectful, though slightly patronising, condescension.

For a second the flicker of amusement stole across the girl's face; but only for a second, for other emotions needed a home in her eyes and on her lips. Love and happiness are exigent intruders!

"Well!" she continued. "Draw me as you see me now, with my face turned towards —towards that picture, and I want you to make me holding out my hand towards him so . . . and in it please—please—put—put—a *large dark grey tie!* Also write underneath the words: 'Another sign of submission.' I will look at the portrait when I come out, and I wish you to let it remain until the original of that one comes by again —he will be sure to come—*sure, sure!*"

The pavement-artist worked with a right good will. He did not spare the pains or stint the colours, for, besides regarding the matter from a monetary point of view, there was the element of romance which appealed to the side of him that had lived before the pale wife and pale babies came into his life. That side of him which in his lonely moments still would make itself felt, when the faint tracings of a young country face surrounded by a frame of wild rose would lighten the dull grey flagstones, only to be erased by a tender, rough hand when the dreaming moments were done.

As he put the last touches to the grey tie and added a few abnormally long, though effective, eyelashes, he looked up and discovered that his work was not destined to be long unregarded.

The wearer of the red tie stood in front of him.

"What is that?" he cried, indicating the P.A.'s latest masterpiece.

The man felt the humour of the situation.

"A *commission*, sir," was all he said; but it was enough.

The door of the library opened, and in a moment dark eyes were looking life into grey eyes.

The silence was complete and the understanding entire.

The pavement-artist coughed, and then he realised his first experience of paper-money!

The two originals of the two portraits entered the carriage together, and as the wearer of the red tie took his place beside the sables, the P.A. heard him whisper:

"At last, dear love. . . 'Out of the wilderness into the light.'"

And then they drove away, but not before the P.A. had seen the wonder of her smile.

He rubbed his knuckles across his eyes, and then . . . picked the flimsy paper out of the cap.

* * * * *

"Charming wedding!" . . . "Never saw a happier looking bride!" . . . . . "Lovely presents—*only* eleven pairs of fish-carvers!" . . . . . "Deadly dull hole to spend a honeymoon—they'll be bored to death in a week!" . . . . . "I liked her travelling dress, and didn't he look *just* splendid in his tweeds?" . . . . . "Yes, but did you notice the atrocity in ties that he was wearing? One half of it was dark grey, and the other bright scarlet . . . I hope to goodness that's not to be the *dernier cri* masculine neck adornment——I'd give Jack up if he put on such a thing!"

The chief bridesmaid smiled, for she knew of some delicately embroidered words on the portion of the tie hidden beneath the bridegroom's waistcoat; but, although she was a woman, she was discreet, so she wondered in silence as to the meaning of "A sign of dual submission."

Perhaps the P.A. could have enlightened her!

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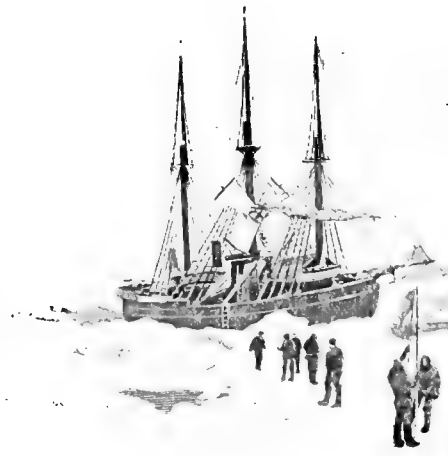

Dr. Nansen's famous vessel, the *Fram*, in which he made his plucky attempt to reach the North Pole.

HOW THE NORTH POLE WILL BE REACHED.

A Bright Article Discussing the Various Ways and Means of Reaching the Top of the World, and the Dangers and Difficulties to be Overcome.

By Marcus Woodward.

Dr. Nansen once explained why it is so important that the North Pole shall soon be discovered—"Because," he said, "when it has once been reached by some one, no one else will try to get there!"

For centuries men have been beckoned to the North by the mystery and the fascination of the Pole—the great unattained object of the world's desire. We want the Pole, we will not be satisfied until we have the Pole. Brave man after brave man we send into the ice and snow to seek it for us, some to return, weak and baffled, long after, with terrible stories to relate, many to return no more.

Hence, the sooner the Pole is reached, the sooner it ceases to be the goal of every Arctic explorer, the better. Science will greet the man who reaches the Pole, not so much because he has found it, but because he has laid it low, as it were, for ever. It must be found eventually—we have tried to find it for ages, and it is beneath man's dignity to give in now—and then the time will come for pure scientific research in the North, for the doing of much work neglected hitherto on account of the Pole's fascination.

And this public nuisance of a North Pole, which thus hinders sober scientific work of vast importance, is likely very soon to be stripped of its charm—for even now it is suffering a vigorous attack from three quarters. It is possible, indeed, that already the North Pole has been discovered, if not by Otto Sverdrup, by Robert Peary, and if not by Peary, by Edward Baldwin, of the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition, all supposed to be in its neighbourhood; and if these three intrepids should fail, there is Captain E. B. Bernier, almost ready to start from Canada, with the best chances of all in his favour.

It may be interesting to discuss the various ways and means by which explorers are attempting to reach the North Pole. There are three main ways—the way of the ice and water around it, the way of the air above it, and the way of the water beneath. The first, the conventional way, has been patronised by the three men at present on the eternal quest. What are their chances?

Captain Otto Sverdrup, who has gone in Nansen's old ship, the *Fram*, is undoubtedly a very good man. He has been gone these four years, out from Christiania, making towards the Pole up along the north-west coast of Greenland, and for three years no word has been heard from him. He is supposed to have gone up through Jones's Sound into

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the unknown, and doubtless he has been doing valuable work every day.

One of his great objects was to determine how far Greenland extends northwards. In his good ship he was to go as far as he could, and then he was to take to sledges and dogs, reach the North of Greenland, pass over any islands that existed, and, if things seemed in his favour, perhaps to make a dash for the Pole over the drift-ice. Against his chance of reaching the Pole is the fact that he must journey against the stream—that great current that sweeps down from the Siberian to the Greenland side of the Pole.

Sverdrup was fitted out for a five years' expedition, and took about a hundred sledge dogs along with him. He was heard of a year after he left Norway, through Peary's expedition, and things had been against him at the start. His success must depend upon the state of the ice that he encounters, and so no one can prophesy upon his whereabouts at present.

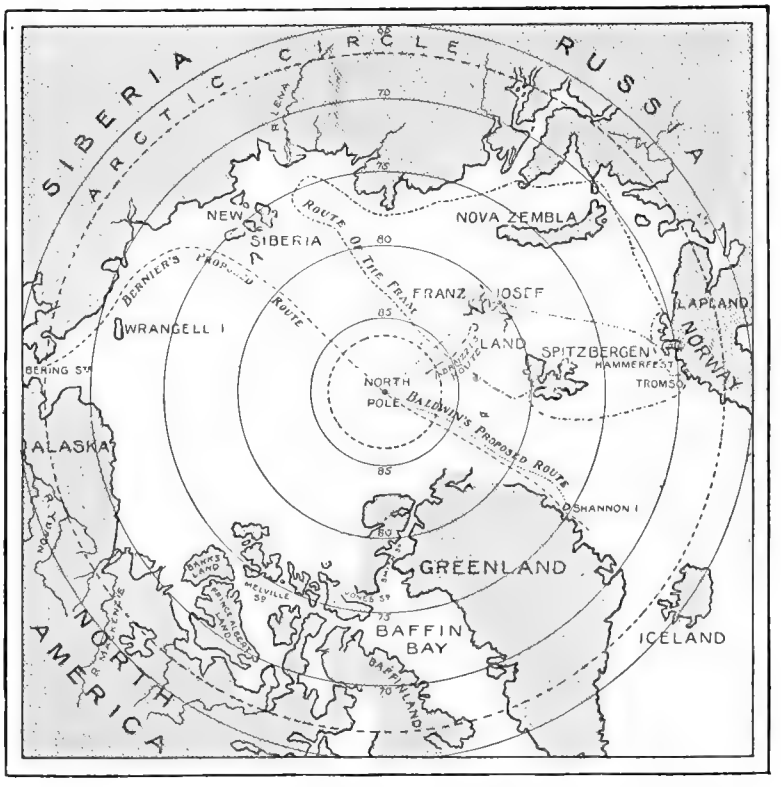
Then as to the famed American, Lieutenant Peary, and his way. He, too, has gone North in a well-proven ship, the *Windward*, of the Jackson - Harmsworth Expedition — he started in the same year as did Sverdrup, and in the same direction, and he met with the same bad ice at first. But his plan of compaign was different, for he intended to trust to Eskimos to help him to the Pole.

Pushing as far north as possible through Smith Sound, he intended to put ashore among the Eskimos of a colony up by Cape York, and to enlist a large number in his service. Then with these trusty, hardy little men, he would push on ever northward, establishing bases of supplies as he went, stage by stage, until there was no longer land; and then, from the last land depôt, to make a bold, swift dash for the Pole.

Not only was the ice so bad that he was forced to pass his first winter on board the *Windward*, but he was attacked by frost-bite, and so badly that seven toes had to be amputated. Nevertheless, he went bravely ahead in the spring, and passed the next winter with his Eskimos, his ship returning meanwhile for new supplies. The *Windward* found him again in the summer, and when later she returned to the States, reported that he had reached a latitude of 83° 0′ 50″.

When last heard of, Peary was going strongly ahead, continuing his work of discovery in Greenland, and pushing steadily onwards. His Eskimo men row his boats, harpoon the walruses, and help him in all manner of ways, while their women-folk cook the food and mend the clothing.

The last out for the North Pole is Mr. Baldwin, who has the advantage of being backed by an American millionaire, Mr.



Map of the Arctic Regions and the North Pole, showing the route which Nansen took in the *Fram*, the Duke of Abruzzi's route, and Baldwin's and Bernier's proposed routes

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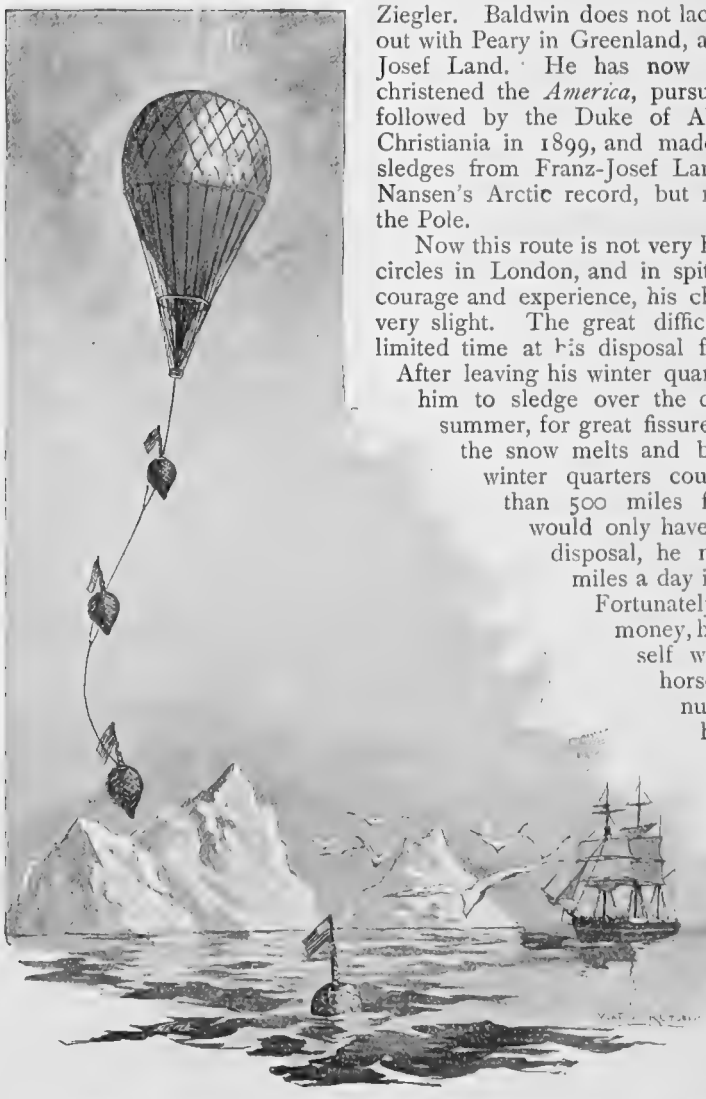

Mr. Baldwin, of the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition, will drop buoys in this fashion. A little balloon has half-a-dozen buoys, each of which contains dispatches, attached. As soon as a good south wind blows the balloon and its buoys are sent aloft. The escape of gas causes the balloon to descend, dropping a buoy as soon as it reaches the water. Thus lightened it ascends at once, descending again as the gas continues to escape, and dropping its buoys till all are launched in the tidal way or stranded on the ice.

Ziegler. Baldwin does not lack experience—he has been out with Peary in Greenland, and with Wellman in Franz-Josef Land. He has now gone forth in a whaler, christened the *America*, pursuing the same course as was followed by the Duke of Abruzzi, who set out from Christiania in 1899, and made a bee-line for the Pole in sledges from Franz-Josef Land, succeeded in breaking Nansen's Arctic record, but not in getting very close to the Pole.

Now this route is not very highly esteemed in scientific circles in London, and in spite of Baldwin's undoubted courage and experience, his chances are considered to be very slight. The great difficulty that besets him is the limited time at his disposal for his dash to the Pole. After leaving his winter quarters, it is only possible for him to sledge over the drift ice in the spring and summer, for great fissures then open in the ice, and the snow melts and becomes impassable. His winter quarters could not have been nearer than 500 miles from the Pole, and as he would only have some 150 odd days at his disposal, he must make seven nautical miles a day if he is to succeed.

Fortunately, Mr. Baldwin, lacking no money, has been able to supply himself with an excellent outfit of horses and dogs—dogs to the number of 400, and a stud of hardy Russian horses. Assuming that everything is in his favour, it is quite *possible* that they may pull him over the drift-ice safely to the Pole—if hardly very probable! Having arrived at his goal, he hopes to drift back in the ice to the unexplored territory of Eastern Greenland.

Certainly, no expedition northwards was ever so well fitted out with means of sending messages home. Mr. Baldwin has taken a leaf out of poor Andrée's book—who, when he sailed away some five years ago, took with him a number of homing pigeons and floating buoys, to carry back his messages—one of the pigeons carrying home the last word ever heard of him. Baldwin's messenger buoys consist of cones of cork, weighted with lead, and protected from shocks from the ice by meshes of heavy wire. From spiral flag-staffs of wire float the stars and strips—and in the centre of each buoy is a brass tube for carrying dispatches.

Andrée was compelled to throw his buoys out from the car of his balloon, and probably most of them were crushed by the fall; but Mr. Baldwin has invented a plan for releasing them without risk. He has packed up some forty little balloons, each measuring about 3ft. in circumference. As he proceeds northwards, he will inflate and dispatch

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balloons at various stages of his journey—and to each balloon he will attach a number of the buoys, fastening them to a pendant line, one beneath the other.

When a good wind blows, a balloon will be sent aloft, and will be wafted southwards with its buoys. Eight or ten hours later, leakage of gas will cause the balloon to descend to the ice or water. At once automatically, the lowermost buoy will be released, and the loss of its weight will cause the balloon to bound aloft again.

It will continue its progress for about five hours, dropping at intervals, and releasing a buoy with each contact with the water until the last buoy has been dropped in the polar current, to be eventually picked up, it is hoped, by Arctic whaling or sealing vessels, or even by Transatlantic liners.

Counting on strong winds from the North Mr. Baldwin is confident that he will be able to dispatch news that will reach the civilised world long before he returns himself to tell the story of how he reached the North Pole—for he is utterly determined that nothing shall stop him.

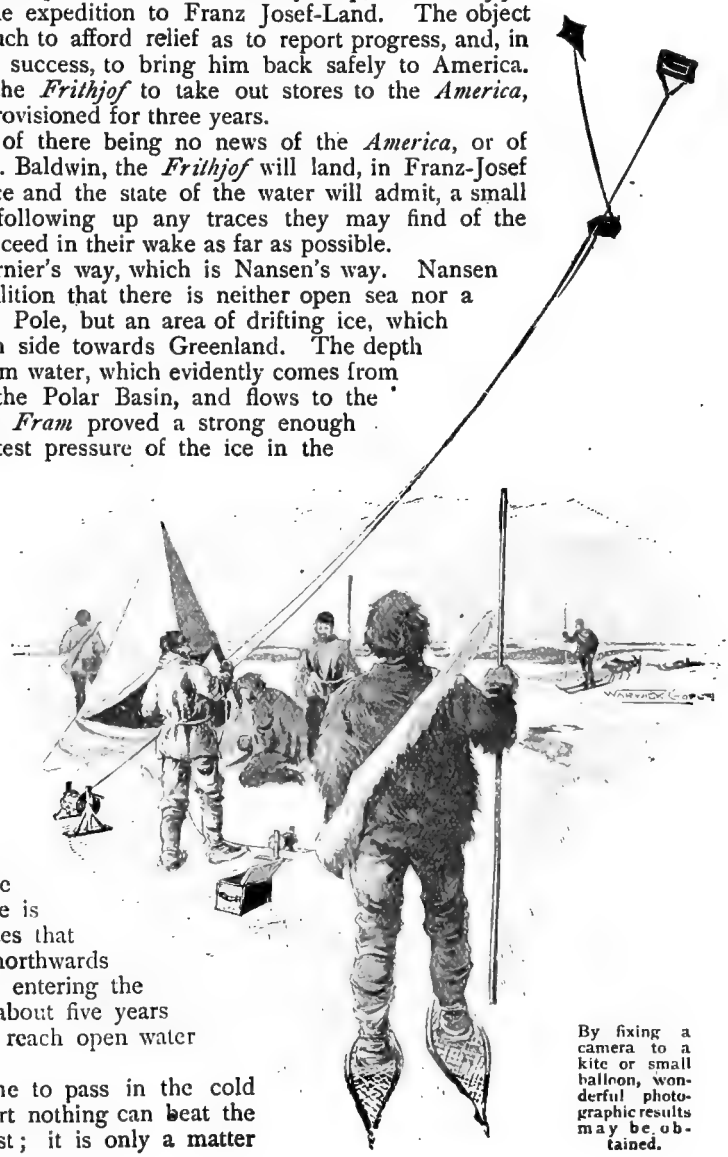
In connection with this expedition is an auxiliary ship, the *Frithjof*, which has already made one expedition to Franz Josef-Land. The object of this journey is not so much to afford relief as to report progress, and, in the event of Mr. Baldwin's success, to bring him back safely to America. There is no necessity for the *Frithjof* to take out stores to the *America*, as the latter vessel is well provisioned for three years.

However, in the event of there being no news of the *America*, or of her plucky commander Mr. Baldwin, the *Frithjof* will land, in Franz-Josef Land, as far north as the ice and the state of the water will admit, a small party of explorers, who, following up any traces they may find of the Baldwin expedition, will proceed in their wake as far as possible.

Now as to Captain Bernier's way, which is Nansen's way. Nansen proved by the *Fram* expedition that there is neither open sea nor a firm ice mantle around the Pole, but an area of drifting ice, which is carried from the Siberian side towards Greenland. The depth of this sea is filled with warm water, which evidently comes from the Atlantic, is cooled in the Polar Basin, and flows to the South as cold water. The *Fram* proved a strong enough ship to withstand the greatest pressure of the ice in the Polar Sea. She proved an excellent floating observatory, moreover, and made it clear that nothing can beat a ship as means of scientific exploration at the Pole.

A great deal is to be said for Nansen's method of drifting inclosed in the ice across the Polar Sea. One great point is that it allows the explorer plenty of time to make observations, and long years *must* be spent at the work if science is to benefit. Nansen calculates that it would take a ship, going northwards through Behring Strait, and entering the ice at 170° west longitude, about five years to drift across the Pole, and reach open water by the East of Greenland.

Five years is a long time to pass in the cold north, but as a health resort nothing can beat the Arctic. Germs do not exist; it is only a matter



By fixing a camera to a kite or small balloon, wonderful photographic results may be obtained.

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The famous ice-breaker *Ermack*, the strongest vessel in the world, in which Admiral Makaroff will go to the North Pole. She does not ram, but rises on top of the floes that bar her way, and crushes them by her enormous weight.

of caution to avoid scurvy, and a matter of choosing your companions to avoid melancholia. In a five years' drift, with subsequent expeditions with sledge dogs, a great work for science may be accomplished. Geographical knowledge—knowledge concerning the distribution of land and sea, concerning the circulation of the ocean currents, the magnetism of the Polar regions, and the influence of the ice and snow on the Polar atmosphere, which affects our own atmosphere, all this may be acquired.

It is precisely in accordance with these sound theories of Dr. Nansen's that Captain J. E. Bernier, the Canadian explorer, has based his plans for conquering the Pole. He is setting forth from Canada as soon as he has accumulated enough funds, and already he has collected more than £20,000 towards the £30,000 that he considers necessary; and the Canadian Government is behind the enterprise. If anyone should succeed, Captain Bernier is the man whom we may safely back to first set foot upon the mystic spot whence there is only one direction —South—and where time is any hour of the day that one may choose to call it.

This expedition is thoroughly up-to-date—wireless telegraphy is to take a part, and panoramic photographs from a balloon and from kites are to be secured. A photograph of the North Pole would be worth a fortune! On board the special ship that has been built there will be a staff of six trained scientific gentlemen and eight navigating officers. The expedition is to sail far North, as Nansen advocates, until it reaches a sufficiently high point to be intrusted to the ice with a fair hope of being borne by the current across the Pole. After drifting for two years and a half, Captain Bernier says that he will arrive within 100 to 150 miles of the Pole—when a party will leave his ship, and set out over the ice on foot in sledges.

The explorers will always keep in wireless telegraphic touch with the vessel. As they proceed, at distances apart of one mile, they will set up in the ice numbered aluminium tubes, each measuring some 18ft. in length, containing condensed provisions. These are to be so placed that they will act as landmarks, so that the way back to the ship cannot be mistaken.

Captain Bernier himself will remain on board until his advance guard have set up the landmarks and provision stores to a distance within 50 miles of the Pole. Then he will disembark, swoop down on to the Pole, raise his flag, and thus put a final stop to the quest of the mystic spot.

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Bernier calculates to be away for four years. By following Nansen's idea of using the natural currents rather than fighting the forces of Nature, he says that he will not only save his strength and make certain of attaining his object, but that he will be able to do a great work in the cause of science at the same time, by the discoveries and observations that he will make as he goes along.

Exactly opposed to this method of reaching the Pole is the scheme advocated by Vice-Admiral Makaroff, of the Russian Imperial Navy—a man whose opinion is worth considering. He is a veteran fighter, and holds that one should fight one's way to the Pole, breaking through the ice and all other obstacles by sheer force. Instead of a ship built to be strong enough only to withstand the ice as she is borne along by it, he would attack the Polar waste with a vessel strong enough to cut her way through a small iceberg!

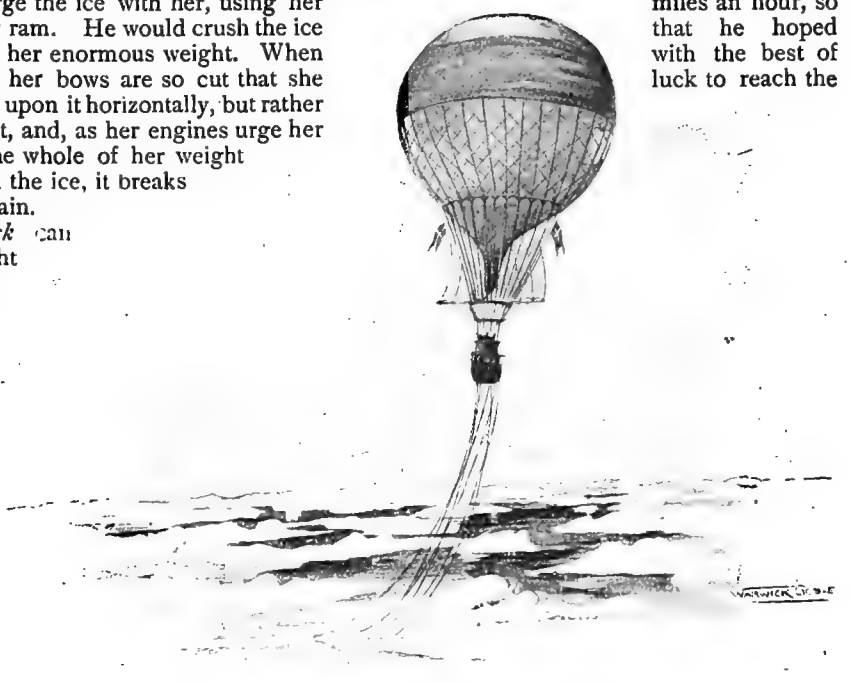
Admiral Makaroff is the commander of the famed ice-breaker, the *Ermack*, the strongest vessel in the world. She is built to be practically unbreakable in any part, and her propellers could be brought against any obstruction at full speed without being damaged. But her commander would not attempt to charge the ice with her, using her like a battering ram. He would crush the ice beneath her by her enormous weight. When she meets ice her bows are so cut that she does not come upon it horizontally, but rather rises up upon it, and, as her engines urge her forward, and the whole of her weight is thrown upon the ice, it breaks beneath the strain.

The *Ermack* can bring a weight of more than 900 tons to bear on the ice. Tested once in the vast ice fields to the north of Spitzbergen, she crashed her way through ridges rising 20 feet above the surface. She caused great areas of ice to tremble, as though shaken by an earthquake—strips of ice measuring a mile across, and weighing thousands of tons, were broken off beneath the shock of her charges, to drift slowly away. She demonstrated, in fine, that with her great strength of frame she could withstand any pressure that the Arctic ice is capable of bringing to bear upon her, and that she could make a way for herself through the thickest ice in the Arctic regions.

If Admiral Makaroff were to set out for the Pole in the *Ermack*, as he hopes some day to do, there can be little doubt that the Pole would meet its conqueror.

It is likely to be many years before anyone is foolhardy enough to attempt to balloon to the Pole, after poor Andrée's example. When we can fly from London to St. Petersburg and back, it will be time enough to think of reaching the Pole by way of the upper air.

On paper, Andrée's theories about ballooning to the Pole sounded plausible enough. Taking advantage of the first southerly wind that arose at his starting point on Amsterdam Island, he was to float up to the North, never rising more than 500ft. from the surface. A good wind would carry the balloon at twenty miles an hour, so that he hoped with the best of luck to reach the



Andrée's luckless balloon.

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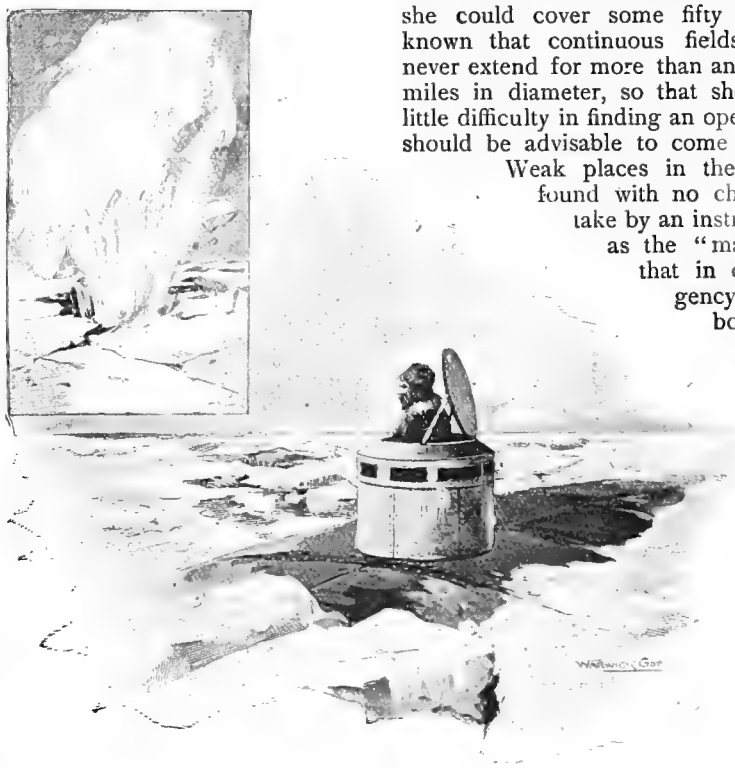
Pole in about forty hours, and arrive in Siberia or Behring Strait in a week—but more probably in about three weeks. Food supplies were carried for a voyage of 120 days, and it seemed that every possible contingency had been prepared for. Upwards of one hundred special inventions had been designed to meet all emergencies.

And so Andrée started, full of hope—to become another martyr to the cause.

Provided that the wind blew propitiously, and all things were in the sky-voyager's favour, in no way could the North Pole be reached more swiftly than by way of the air. The next quickest route would be by way of the sea beneath the ice, and this route is very shortly to be attempted.



Herr Anschütz-Kämpfe, of Munich, will sally forth in a submarine boat to reach the North Pole. By means of a "manometer," weak spots in the ice can be ascertained and, in case of emergency, an open space may be made by blasting through the ice.

The idea of reaching the Pole by means of a submarine boat passing under the ice was put forward in Sweden some years ago, and has now been revived by Herr Anschütz-Kämpfe, of Munich, who has had a special vessel built by German engineers. The idea was recently discussed by the Vienna Geographical Society, and there certainly seems to be a great deal to be said in its favour.

The Munich expert thinks, from personal observation, that the maximum depth of the pack-ice may be taken at 80 feet, while the average thickness does not exceed 16 to 20 feet. Land ice, in the form of icebergs, he leaves out of consideration, as it is practically absent from the seas where he is to explore; while reefs of rock rising towards the surface are not likely to be encountered, so beneath the ice he hopes to find a clear way to the Pole for his submarine.

The boat will be able to descend for 160 feet, where it will be out of the reach of cold, storms, and ice pressure. She can be submerged with safety for fifteen hours, in which time, even if she only steamed at the modest rate of three knots an hour, she could cover some fifty miles. It is known that continuous fields of pack-ice never extend for more than an area of three miles in diameter, so that she should have little difficulty in finding an opening when it should be advisable to come to the surface.

Weak places in the ice can be found with no chance of mistake by an instrument known as the "manometer," so that in case of emergency a way for the boat might be blasted through the ice with little difficulty.

There is room for sufficient air in the ship to last five men for fifteen hours. Motive power is supplied by petroleum, of which 150 tons will be carried—ten times the quantity needed to propel the ship for the 500 mile journey from Spitzbergen to the Pole.

The bold explorer's idea is to have his submarine towed to Spitzbergen, and then to steam polewards on board until the pack-ice is reached. The direction of the first open water will be taken, if possible, by compass. The boat will be submerged, and a course will be steered for the opening. When the light shows that this has been reached, the

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engines will be stopped, and the boat will rise to the surface by its own buoyancy.

If the channel leads Polewards, she will continue her voyage on the surface as far as possible—diving beneath again as soon as ice is met. After journeying for five or six hours, if there seems no chance of finding another opening, the submarine will be made to ascend to the lower surface of the ice, where a small hole will be blasted, in a thin place, which will allow her to take in another fifteen hours' supply of fresh air; and the journey will be resumed.

Whether they reach the Pole or not, the members of the Munich exploring party will certainly have a great story to tell when they return from their bold attempt. And what a sigh of relief the world would heave if they should reach it! What rejoicings there would be—what undying honour for the voyagers!

There are no such adventurous stories told as those of the Arctic explorers—none with a romance that appeals more strongly to man's imagination. As the struggles of Sir John Franklin, fifty odd years ago, to discover the unknown North-west Passage, made him the greatest hero of his time, so to-day the fights of Nansen, of Abruzzi, who holds the Farthest North record, of Peary, of Andrée, have made their names among the most famous of the age.

The North Pole—the coldness, the whiteness, the silence of the region fascinates, holds the imagination. It is the most mysterious spot in the world—Nature's grand secret. In all ages men have sought to solve the riddle.

For it is a mistake to suppose that Polar exploration is anything new. The old historians relate how King Alfred the Great sent out an expedition to discover the top of the world. Then there are the wonderful stories of Pytheas, the ancient Greek mariner. Exactly how far north he sailed is not known—but he must have got far up into the Arctic regions, for he relates his terror at finding that the sun refused to set. Thoroughly alarmed, he hurried still further North—only to find that now the sun refused to rise! According to his own story, he discovered, if not the north Pole, at any rate the end of the world—for he came to a wall which ran around the world's edge, to prevent people falling off!

With our superior wisdom, we can understand what puzzled old Pytheas. We know that a day in the North Pole is six months long, and a night is six months—that the sun is seen from March to September, and from September to March is seen no more. Also we know what was the wall that he saw—nothing more or less than one of those great black banks of fog—"frost smokes" as they are called—that settle on the ice, having often a face as clearly cut as a brick-wall's.

But with all our knowledge, all our science, we do not know any more than he did where lies the world's top; so that if all methods fail—if we cannot walk to the Pole, sail to the Pole, fly there in balloons, or steam there in submarine boats—we shall have to set our ingenuity to work to devise some other method that shall put an end to the great quest.

Lieut. Peary, who is on his way to the North Pole on board the *Windward*, makes a great point of employing Eskimos to guide and assist him.

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WHEN I WAS YOUNG!

Maisie Tells the Story of her Important Interview with Uncle William.

BY OWEN OLIVER.

One day, when the rector called, I filled his hat with water to make a bath for dolly!

WHEN I was young, I did what I wasn't told. (*Shakes her head.*) Now I am eight! It is nice to be old and good, of course; but I can't help laughing at the things I did when I was little.

(*Confidentially.*) I must have been a dreadful child! One day, when the rector called, I filled his hat with water to make a bath for dolly! Another day I made a boat of dada's umbrella. It looked almost real, with a towel on the handle for a sail; only it broke when I sat in it. Then I tied great Aunt Jane's curls to Carlo's tail when they were both asleep. You see, I thought she would get up and walk off with Carlo; but Carlo got up first and—and—(*trying not to smile*) ran off with her—her curls, I mean. Then I tobogganed down the stairs in a tea-tray. At least I was in it when we started. Afterwards I went on by myself. (*Impressively.*) That was when I made up my mind to grow good.

I can get into mischief at Aunt Lucy's just the same as at home.

"My name is Maisie Lester."

I had not finished growing good when I knew Uncle William first. They did not mean me to know him, 'cause I heard mamma talking to dada.

"There is no telling what the child will say next. I shall send her to Lucy's, so that she can't get into mischief." (*With amusement.*) I can get into mischief at Aunt Lucy's just the same as at home; but she does not tell them.

They did not expect Uncle William till Tuesday. On Monday afternoon mamma went to meet dada. As soon as she was gone I crept into the drawing-room. (*Apologetically.*) I wanted to play "at homes" with the afternoon tea things, 'cause they're all crinkley and pretty. By-and-by Sarah showed a gentleman in to wait for mamma; and I hid behind the curtains, 'cause some of the handles had fell off.

I peeped round the corner, and he was tall and stout and old, and had a red face and no hair on the top of his head; and he saw me with his spectacles, so I came out, and he said:—

"Hulloa! Who are you?"

"My name is Maisie Lester." (*Bows politely.*) "What is your name?"

"William Harding."

"Mamma's name used to be Harding, but

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dada changed it when he married her." (*Inquiringly.*) "Why doesn't nobody marry you?"

He said he did not know.

"I 'specks it's 'cause your hair doesn't grow on top. Why doesn't it?"

He said he was borned like it, so I asked why he didn't buy some; but he did not know that either!

(*Rebukingly.*) "You don't know a lot of things," I told him; but he 'splained it was a long time since he went to school; and I said I went to Miss Jones, and learnt a dreadful lot of lessons, and mamma said it was quite select, and he asked—

"What's two and two at your school?"

(*Promptly.*) "Four."

"Only four! At a select school like that! Why they make four of it at free schools."

(*Puzzled.*) I counted it on my fingers, but could not make it any more; but I 'spected Miss Jones could. Then he asked what sums I did, so I said:—

"Farthings."

"You mean compound additions?"

"No-o. (*Hesitatingly.*) It's farthings, and—money. You add them up."

"You don't know a lot of things."

I counted it on my fingers.

"This is Martha."

He laughed a great deal. (*Scornfully.*) Grown up people seem to laugh at nothing! So I was 'fended (*tosses her head*) and went and played with my dolls, and sat them up to tea. The gentleman asked what I called them.

"This is Martha, and this is Uncle William." (He was a nigger doll with pretty striped clothes; but his hat was lost and one eye.)

"Uncle William? Who's he?"

"An old bachelor." He looked s'prised.

"What is an old bachelor?"

"A cross man who doesn't like little girls. They're going to send me to Aunt Lucy's when he comes, 'cause I say things."

"Oh!" he said. "*Are* they? And they call him a cross old bachelor, do they?"

"Mother says he's nice; but (*emphatically*) he isn't!"

"How do you know?"

"'Cause he wouldn't like me."

The gentleman took me up on his knee and said he 'spected he would if he knew me. So I said "Do you?" and he said "Yes." Then he stroked my hair and called me "Millicent's child!"

"No, I'm not," I said. "I'm mamma's girl, and dada's angel. Sometimes he calls me a witch, but I'm not, 'cause I tried to fly off the greenhouse on the broom, and (*aggrieved*) only fell in the currant bushes and scratched myself."

So (*with satisfaction*) he 'greed I wasn't a witch; and he wanted us to play with my dolls, so I showed him how to.

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"Have you caught a cold?"

So I pretended to be playing with my dolls.

"You haven't said 'Bless you, my children!'"

"We'll play Martha is mamma, and Uncle William is cross with her, 'cause she's going to marry the footstool—that's dada, you know. (*Persuasively.*) Will you lend me your handkerchief to make the rector to marry them?"

(*Enthusiastically.*) I made a *lovely* rector out of the tea-urn and his handkerchief, and we had the tea-tray for a carriage to fetch them to church, but Uncle William wouldn't let mamma come."

"Make him stamp his foot and look rididdleous! Like this. (*Imitates.*) That's what he does when he's cross."

So he made Sambo — I mean Uncle William — stamp at Martha, who was mamma. His foot came off and that made us laugh very much. But he would not make him beat mamma, like I told him to.

"I don't fancy her uncle used to beat her. Did your mamma tell you so?"

"No, but (*in an awed whisper*) he cut her dreadfully."

"Cut her!" he said very loud. "Nonsense."

"He did—with a shilling."

"Oh! Ah-h! Cut her off with a shilling, you mean?"

"Yes. Have you got a sharp one to cut Martha with? (*Airily.*) Never mind. A penknife will do."

But he hadn't a penknife either. So I did it with the paper knife, and made her cry, till the footstool came along. We pulled it with a string and said: "What are you crying for, mother?"

And she said (*in an assumed squeaky voice*): "Uncle William's cut me with a shilling. Please put some plaster on it and take me to the fender"—that was the church—"and marry me quick."

The gentleman did not think that was what she said; but he took them to church in the tea-tray; and I put Uncle William in prison in the coal-box, so he couldn't run after them, and had the poker for a policeman; and mamma came to ask him to let Uncle William out, 'cause she used to love him.

(*In a gruff voice.*) "Love him? Did she?"

(*Sympathetically.*) "Have you caught a cold?"

"Why did she love him?"

"'Cause he was good to her when she was little." (*Doubtfully.*) "I 'speck she loves him now, don't you?"

He blewed his nose, and rubbed his spectacles, and said perhaps *he* loved *her*; but I said he didn't, 'cause he hadn't forgived her ever since; and mamma and dada always forgived me d'rec'ly (*solemnly*), even

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if I was ever so naughty, and had to be put in the corner! He said we had better put Uncle William in the corner, 'cause the coal-box was dirty. We had a chair in front of him to make believe it was the police-station.

Then we took mamma to the fender and the tea-urn married her to the footstool and we threw dada's slippers after them. The one I threw broke a vase; but the nice gentleman thought mamma would think *he* did it—or the cat; but I told him that dada would say it was a two-legged cat. (*Knowingly.*) He means me! Then we beated Uncle William 'cause he would not throw rice after the carriage.

"Why don't you come to-morrow," I said, "and beat him if he doesn't forgive mamma?"

"Perhaps that's what he's coming for?"

"He said he wouldn't. That was why mamma cried when the letter came."

He looked uncomfortable. (*Aside.*) I 'spected he was thinking about the vase, and wondering what mamma would say. So I got Uncle William out of the corner and said we'd play he'd forgived mamma.

We put mamma and dada on the hearth-rug to be forgived. The gentleman wanted me to sit there too; but (*obstinately*) I wanted to be Sarah and show Uncle William in. So we played the tea-urn was 'Maisie,' 'cause we didn't want the rector any more. He made mamma say 'I love you, Uncle William'; and dada said it didn't matter; and I made Uncle William say 'Bless you, my children!' Nurse told me that was what rich uncles always said; and she reads novelettes with them in. It was a very nice game, and we were doing it a second time when mamma and dada came home.

They looked as if they noticed something, and I 'spected it was the vase. So I pretended to be playing with my dolls, as if I had not done anything (*looking out of the corners of her eyes*) while the gentleman spoke to them.

"Maisie and I have been playing," he said. "This is dada who would marry Martha—*I* called her Millicent—who used to love Uncle William—this ugly, cross, old doll. Maisie thought perhaps she loved him still."

"Oh!" mamma said. "I *do!*" Then (*astonished*) she began to cry.

"The tea-urn is Maisie. Everyone loves her—and perhaps they all really——. He had come to forgive her—Uncle William—the old, black doll——. Millie! my dear!"

Mamma made a rush at him and hugged him.

"Uncle! Dear, old Uncle!"

(*Proudly.*) Then of course I understood. So I took hold of his hand and whispered—

"You haven't said 'Bless you, my children'!"

"Bless you, my children; and bless *you*, my good little girl."

(*Confidentially.*) He did not know that I had not finished growing good—then!

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SMOKE SMOKES & SMOKERS

A Pleasant Chat about the Fragrant Weed and its Famous Devotees.

By A. Wallis Myers.

Photo Russell & Sons.

A Royal smoker. His Majesty's cigars are specially made for him in Havana, and are worth about four shillings each.

It is said that we owe Newton's law of gravitation to a pipe; and no doubt if the fact had only been recorded, Sir Isaac saw the apple fall to the ground through a maze of tobacco smoke. And but for tobacco we might never have looked into the minds of Thackeray, Spenser, Carlyle or Tennyson, to name only a few of the great writers who found their inspiration in the fragrant weed! Of living literary giants, it is only necessary to mention George Meredith, Kipling, and Hardy, who cannot work without tobacco.

Whether we smoke too much, or smoke those products of trusts and combines which are not altogether as good as they might be, is another question, which even the recent Tobacco War has not solved. The undeniable point is apparent on all sides, that we have become a smoking nation, from the King downwards. Are we a better nation on that account? Lord Salisbury, like the late Mr. Gladstone, doesn't smoke and has been heard to condemn smoking; he would probably answer "No." But Mr. Chamberlain smokes. Who shall say when statesmen disagree?

That the King enjoys a cigar is a matter of common knowledge. His Majesty is an inveterate smoker, and has been heard to say, figuratively speaking, that he would sooner relinquish his Crown than his cigar. The cigars which the King smokes are not on sale to the general public. They are made specially in Havana in consignments of a thousand. The very best leaves are used, and the most expert hands in the factory employed to roll them. The workman who makes the cigars for King Edward receives about one shilling for every one he finishes. In Havana these cigars cost over four shillings each.

According to the English custom, the King smokes most after the mid-day meal. When writing his letters and doing State business at the Palace, rarely is he without a cigar; after dinner, never—unless he goes to the play or is in the presence of ladies.

Many stories are told of His Majesty's devotion to the weed. During his visit to Canada in 1859, he and his party found themselves on the prairie, shut off, as it were, from civilisation. The Prince, as he then was, proposed a smoke, to which all agreed. Consternation! It was found that the whole party could only muster a single match between them. If that were to go out, the day's enjoyment would be spoilt. Lots were drawn to decide who should light it—a terrible responsibility. The lot fell on the Prince. Sheltered from the wind by his companions he successfully accomplished the feat, but afterwards declared it was the most exciting and nervous moment of his life.

On another occasion, King Edward was strolling in a lane near Sandringham, when he found himself bereft of matches. He approached a small wayside cottage and asked the good dame who came to the door for a light. The woman, recognising her visitor, was naturally abashed, and more so when she discovered that the only box the hut boasted had been taken to the plough by her husband. The King, however, espied a fire burning in the grate, and, taking a piece of paper from his pocket, deftly rolled it into a spill, lit his cigar, and left a curtseying and delighted woman behind him.

Yet another anecdote, which illustrates, if

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that were necessary, His Majesty's goodness of heart. Two painters were employed in the grounds of Marlborough House, when they noticed the approach of its Royal owner, puffing a morning cigar. As he passed them the Prince carelessly threw the fag-end on to the ground. In a moment there was a scuffle between the two workmen for the prize. Hearing the sound of it, the Prince looked over his shoulder, stopped, and came back to where the men now stood with bashful eyes cast on the ground.

"Well, my men," was the question, "what's the matter?" Neither could summon up the courage to answer. "Don't be afraid to say," were the reassuring words.

At last one of the fellows blurted out that they had been fighting to secure as a keepsake the cigar-end which the Prince had just abandoned. With a smile the then Heir-Apparent turned on his heel, went briskly into the house, and returned in a few seconds with something in his hand. "Here," he said good-naturedly, "is something better. Let the sweeper pick up the other." Speechless, the two painters found themselves the recipients of two choice cigars, inscribed with the royal monogram and nearly nine inches long. Need we say that those cigars have never been smoked; gold would not buy them.

The Kaiser is another celebrated smoker, and his cigars, which also come from Havana in special boxes, are nearly as choice as King Edward's. They are not so big, however, and take a much shorter time to consume. The German Emperor smokes less than his uncle, and most when the immediate pressure of State business is over.

Photo N. Perscheid,

The Kaiser is a keen smoker, getting his cigars from Havana, like his uncle, King Edward VII. He likes also an occasional cigarette.

Like the King, the Kaiser once sought a light when out unattended. This he could only obtain from a small boy smoking a cigarette, the end of which was offered to the Emperor for the purpose. But what did it matter? The Kaiser got his light and the boy got a 20-mark gold piece, besides the thanks of his Emperor.

Nearly every other monarch loves his cigar or cigarette. The Emperor of Austria, the King of Italy, the Tsar, even the Queens of Roumania and Portugal, all smoke constantly; and the Sultan smokes most of all, possibly because he pays nothing for the luxury.

Of other members of our own Royal Family, there is not a single non-smoker among the men. The Prince of Wales is a lover of the cigarette as well as the cigar. The Duke of Connaught does not smoke nearly so much as his only brother. The veteran Duke of Cambridge and an after-dinner cigar are inseparable.

Photo Russell & Sons.

The Colonial Secretary usually smokes a cigar, but has also a great liking for the homely briar.

Turning to politicians, it has already been stated that the ex-Premier is not a smoker. Mr. Balfour does not follow his

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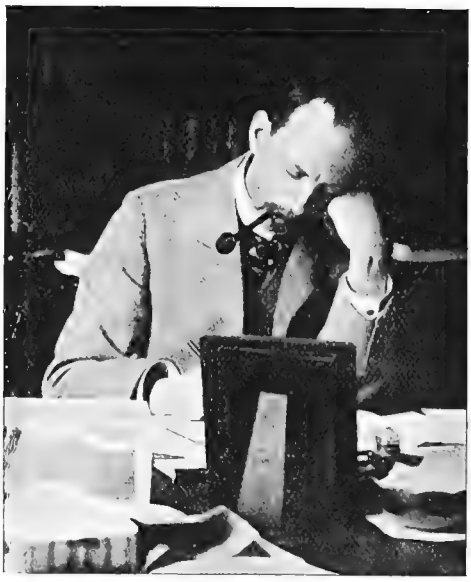
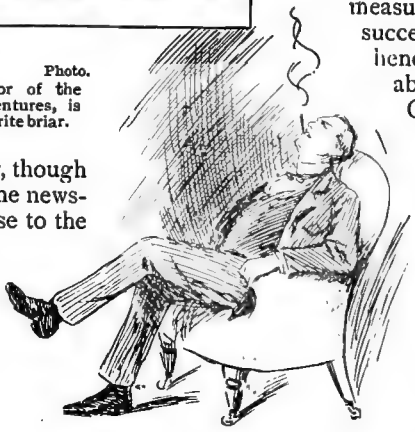


From a Photo.
Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, the author of the famous Captain Kettle adventures, is quite at sea without his favourite briar.

uncle in this respect, for, though he is said never to read the newspaper, he reads much else to the accompaniment of a soothing cigarette. Mr. Chamberlain, as everybody knows, smokes hard—usually a cigar, carrying it at a slightly inclined angle in his mouth. At Highbury, however, his Birmingham seat, the Colonial Secretary may be seen with a pipe, and one usually rests on his desk ready for use. When Mr. Chamberlain was taken to the hospital after the unfortunate accident which occurred to him last July, his first request was to be taken to a ward in which smoking was permitted.

Bismarck was a smoker of smokers. He inhaled cigars on the chain system—one after the other all day long. In connection with this love of nicotine a very characteristic anecdote is recorded of the great statesman.

It was during an important European congress at Vienna. All countries were represented by some distinguished diplomat or other. At the sittings, which lasted sometimes many hours long, every member had to appear in Court dress, and as for smoking, such frivolity was quite out of the question. But Bismarck determined to change all this. He found that without his cigar he did bad business. So one morning he strolled casually into the gorgeous apartment where the delegates were assembled, and they beheld with feelings almost akin to terror that he was dressed in an old shooting jacket, and had a great black cigar between his lips! This dramatic measure was, however, completely successful, the gatherings becoming henceforward much more comfortable. "But," remarked the great German, "I had to drink a pint of port before I could screw my courage up to the point."



Nearly all our leading authors smoke, and all our playwrights. Mark Twain, to return to America for a moment, declares tobacco has been his foster mother, and his guiding star in maturity. It is a moot point,

Photo Elliott & Fry.
Mr. Robert Hichens, the author of "Flames," prefers a cigarette to anything else.

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says Mr. W. A. Penn, his biographer, whether he smokes 300 or 3000 cigars a month. But cigars "merely represent his nicotian dessert; his solid meal of tobacco is taken from a corn-cob pipe."

Tennyson was another smoker. Shortly after returning from a tour in Italy he met one evening Lord De Tabley, I think, at some friend's house. After dinner Tennyson and De Tabley took a stroll in the garden, a cigar between the lips of each.

"Well, Tennyson, and how did you enjoy your holidays?"

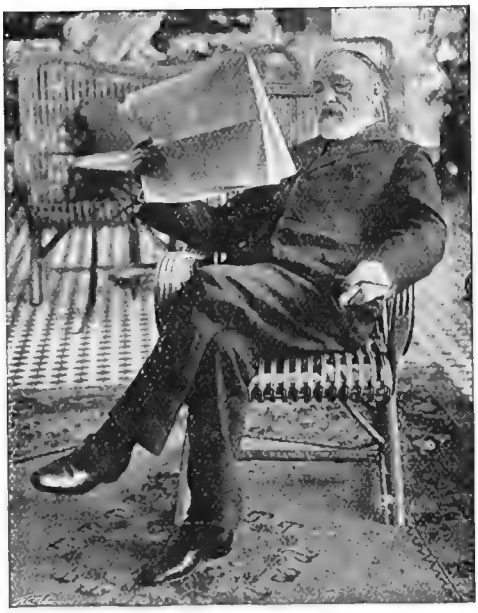
"H'm," grunted the poet, "pretty well."

"Oh, how's that?" asked his lordship in astonishment.

"Well, you see," replied Tennyson, "there wasn't any Cavendish to be had in Italy. And where the beautiful picture or ruin or landscape that doesn't appear ugly unless you have a pipe in your mouth?"

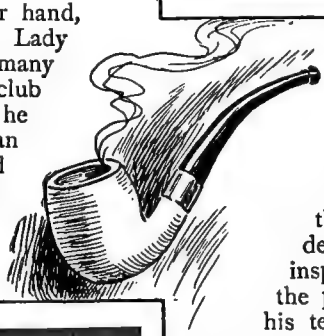
And Tennyson was a poet!

Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, is an ardent enemy of "My Lady Nicotine." The tale goes that many years ago the poet was at some club in Pall Mall, when suddenly he felt his spirit stirring to write an ode. A piece of paper he had with him and a pencil, but there was no room in the club in which some individual or other was not enjoying the fragrant weed. And the fragrance of the weed is destructive of Mr. Swinburne's inspiration. From room to room the poet wandered, and finally lost his temper, and delivered himself as follows: "James the First was an unutterably abominable scoundrel, and I hate, loathe, execrate him; but he was the world's greatest benefactor, because he beheaded that fiend, Sir Walter Raleigh!"



From a Photo.

Mr. Labouchere is happiest with his cigarette.



As corn-cobs smoke very rawly at first, Mark Twain hires a man to break in his pipes for him. When it has been efficiently seasoned, the humourist takes the pipe, adjusts a new stem to it and draws through it until the thing is past all service.

Mr. Kipling patronises the corn-cob, and has a box full at Rottingdean. He is also addicted to a briar, to light which there is a rumour that he has destroyed many uncompleted poems that might, with better luck, have been published to the world. Suffice it to say that the author of the "Recessional" smokes a great deal, both indoors and out; he is one of those geniuses who would be the most miserable of men without tobacco.

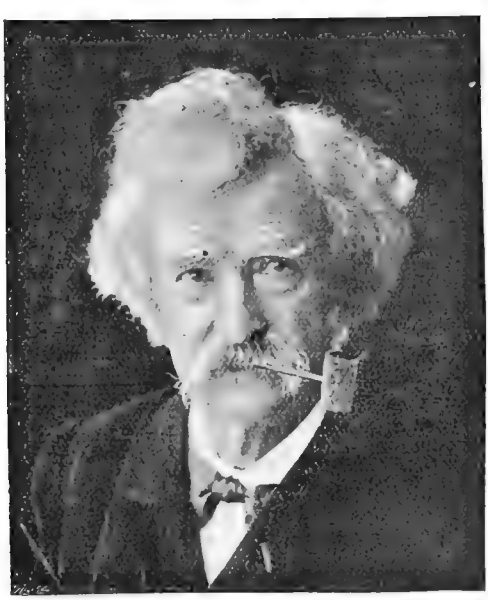


Photo Russell & Sons.

Who could imagine Mark Twain without his corn-cob?

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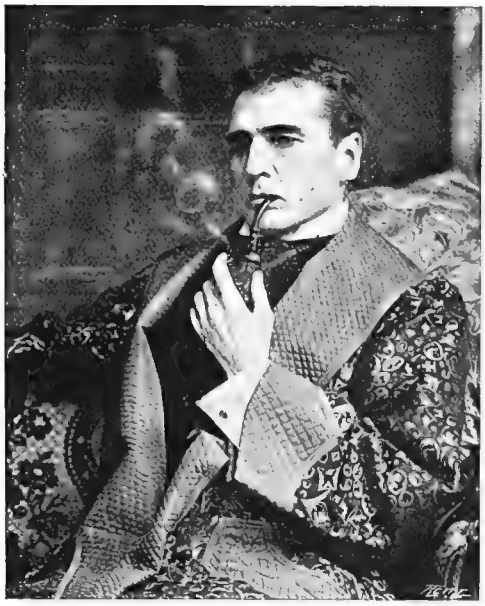

Photo London Stereoscopic Co.
Mr. William Gillette is a great pipe-smoker. Sherlock Holmes without a pipe could hardly be imagined.

When Mr. Kipling was a younger man and merely a journalist, his editor sent him round the world on a reporting tour. In the course of his wanderings he paid a visit to Mark Twain. He was shown into the great humourist's study, and left there for a time alone. Looking about him the first object that caught his attention was Mark Twain's corn-cob. And the Evil One took hold of Mr. Kipling, who never felt more like stealing in his life. To possess such a memento of the author of "Huckleberry Finn" seemed to him worth any amount of crime! However, conscientious scruples, or the arrival of Mark Twain in the nick of time, won the day—a victory Mr. Kipling has since, no doubt, regretted.

Mr. Thomas Hardy is one of the few living celebrities who prefers a clay to a briar. In this respect he differs from Mr J. M. Barrie, who declares the briar to be the king of pipes. Many of Thomas Hardy's best chapters, it is said, have been written in the sanded tap rooms of Wessex rural inns, inspired by whiffs from long churchwardens. The author of "The Little Minister," on the other hand, detests new pipes, employing the old one until string and sealing-wax will no longer hold it together.

If we are to literally believe in a well-known advertisement, Mr. Barrie smokes but one tobacco—"Craven Mixture"—which, under the pseudonym of the "Arcadia," he so delightfully extols in the pages of "My Lady Nicotine." No one who has read this book will fail to regard Mr. Barrie as the great authority on all that appertains to smoking.

The late Bishop Creighton, who loved his cigarette, used to say that smoking ought not to attend on work; and he himself never smoked while writing, believing that the sedative qualities of the cigarette were ineffective unless the brain was actually relieved from the mental strain.

Mr. Max Pemberton frankly admits he smokes to "abominable excess." Here is what he will tell you on the subject—in confidence, of course:

"Directly I sit at my table to write, I must light a pipe or I can't think. It goes out, of course, but remains between my teeth as a kind of material inspiration. In offices and places where they clerk, if it is forbidden to smoke, I am lost. I should not be worth a half-penny a week in any place of business. I simply can't

Photo Elliott & Fry
Smoking and novel writing, certainly, go hand in hand. Mr. E. F. Benson and a cigarette are quite inseparable.

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From a Photo.
Mr. Guy Boothby is a devotee of tobacco, as well as a great sportsman.

concentrate my thoughts without tobacco. After dinner I always smoke a cigar—cigarettes rarely. My release from the domination of tobacco comes when I take exercise."

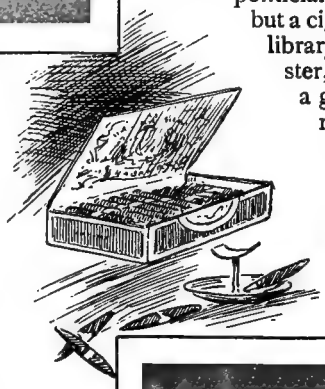
Which is to say that Mr. Pemberton doesn't smoke when at golf, shooting, motoring, or riding, to all of which he is keenly addicted. "It's a relief I welcome," exclaims the novelist.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is another author whose ability to write is made conditional on the presence of a pipe. Some men have a habit of smoking furiously immediately the match has been applied, then less vehemently as the bowl begins to heat, and finally allow the pipe to go out unconsciously. This is not Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's way of going to work. He must smoke every minute he is writing, or he mustn't write at all. The instant his pipe goes out and smoke ceases to ascend to the ceiling, his pencil—for Captain Kettle was created with a pencil—drops automatically out of his hand, as if released by an invisible spring. Until the first is relit, the second refuses to write down another word. Such is the force of habit.

Boys begin with cigarettes when they are training to smoke a pipe; ladies rarely get to the second stage. Yet, despite their craving for the gentlest whiff, Englishmen have not yet mastered the art of making their own cigarettes. Watch the average Londoner engaged in the task, and you are soon convinced of this fact; his labour is painful and the result usually a dismal failure. How we differ in this respect from the Brazilian and the Spaniard! M. Santos-Dumont can roll a dozen cigarettes while an Englishman is fumbling with one. There is a knack, of course, and some of us have acquired it; but the majority gladden the heart of the tobacconist, who notes the sumptuous waste that usually accompanies the process.

Of cigarette lovers, Mr. Robert Hichens, the author of "Flames," Mr. E. F. Benson, of "Dodo" fame, are notable examples.

Mr. Labouchere, the cynical and witty politician, never smokes anything but a cigarette. To enter "Labby's" library in Palace Yard, Westminster, and find its owner without a gold-tipped cigarette in his mouth would seem like entering Trafalgar Square to find the Nelson column removed. It is said—we know not with what truth—that the member for Northampton



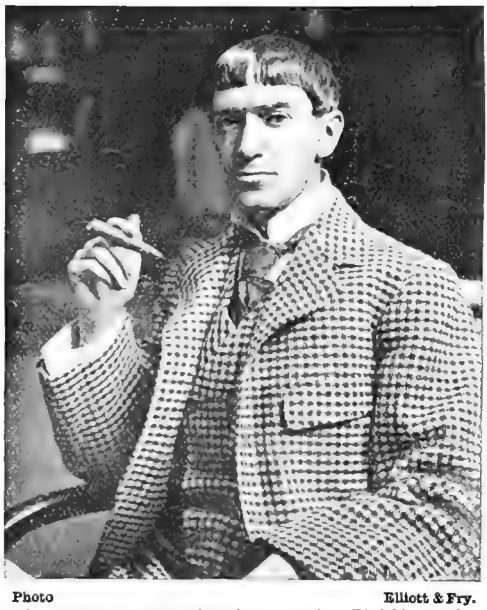


Photo Elliott & Fry.
Art is a great patron of the tobacco trade. Phil May finds that inspiration comes easier with a Havana between his lips

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contracted the habit of smoking cigarettes when a boy at Eton, and finding that masters overlooked the offence, believed that smoking was essential to his normal appearance, and so smoked ever since and always cigarettes.

Mr. R. C. Carton is also devoted to the mildest form of smoking, and most of his brother dramatists follow his suit; indeed, the stage and the weed are so closely bound together that nothing but a prohibitive tax on tobacco would dissolve the partnership. When smoking was at one time regarded with uplifted hands by society and only practised in the stables, the villain was always chosen to puff the "obnoxious thing" on the stage. All that is changed now. Cigarettes even appear in my lady's boudoir, and are rarely absent from the theatrical drawing-room.

Some famous actors, like Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. William Gillette, are adepts at smoking on the stage, which is by no means so simple as it would appear. To keep a cigarette alight during a spirited dialogue is not a very easy task; and a pipe is worse, as William Gillette will tell you. But Sherlock Holmes without a pipe would be impossible, and so the actor who sustained this part used always to employ very light tobacco which would burn for hours almost, without losing its capacity for supplying smoke.

Photo Elliott & Fry.

Actresses are often forced to smoke on the stage, and Miss Marie Tempest is an adept at the art.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Mr. George Alexander have smoked thousands of cigarettes on the stage; not smoked them through, of course; but sufficiently long to sustain the "gentlemanly" part for which they were cast.

We will not go so far as to say that the well-known actresses who are seen in the accompanying photographs are inveterate cigarette smokers off the stage; the contrary is known to be the case. But they certainly enjoy a whiff now and then in the sanctity of their own boudoirs.

Lastly, there is very little need to add that the artistic profession, almost to a man, is devoted to tobacco. Mr. Phil May has never been seen without a cigar, and there is a creditable legend about that the cigar is in his mouth when he is asleep. What Mr. Shannon can have been thinking about to omit it in the excellent portrait he painted of the inimitable *Punch* artist for this year's Academy probably only he himself could tell.

Photo Elliott & Fry.

Miss Marie Roze smokes, when acting, with skill and distinction.

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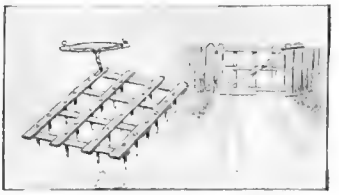
5th Set of Pictures.

5s. a Day for Life!

A UNIQUE PRIZE OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.
INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE (for same reason).

NOTE THAT

The prize of **5s. a Day for Life** will *not* be divided—it will be won outright by *one* person (perhaps *you*).

The sum of £100 will be divided amongst those who come next.

No attempts should be sent in until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.

All competitors should carefully read the conditions.

What you have to do - - - -

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown above, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you.

Another set of pictures will appear in the October number of the *Royal*.

CONDITIONS.

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).

2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.

3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and **keep it by you until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.**

5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.

6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.

7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.

9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

- - THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE - -

Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.

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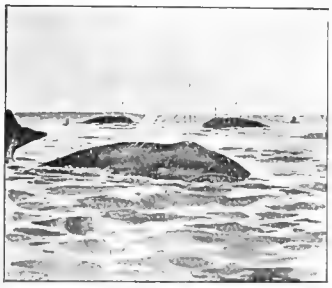

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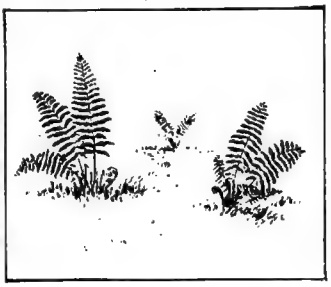

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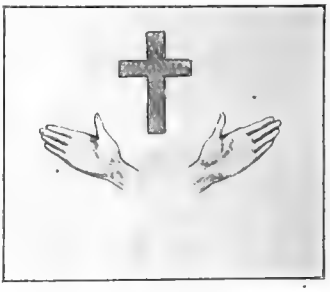

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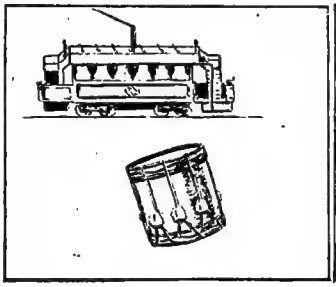

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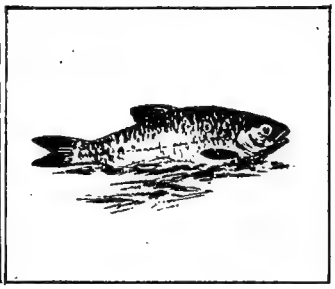

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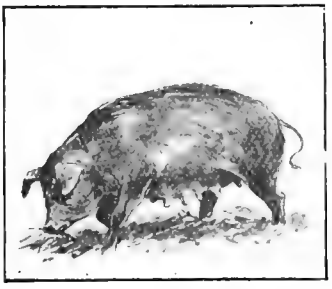

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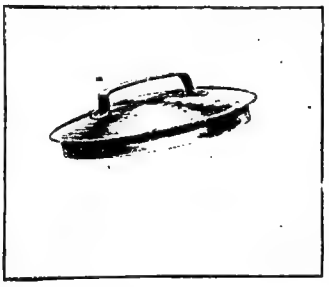

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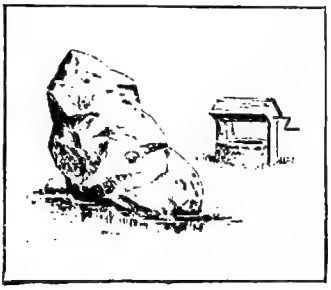

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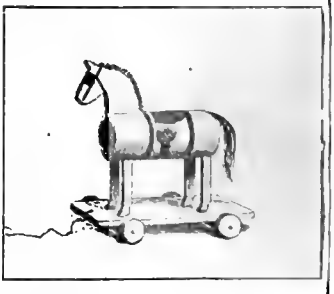

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Name..... *Address*.....

Keep all your sets of pictures by you until the competition is finished.

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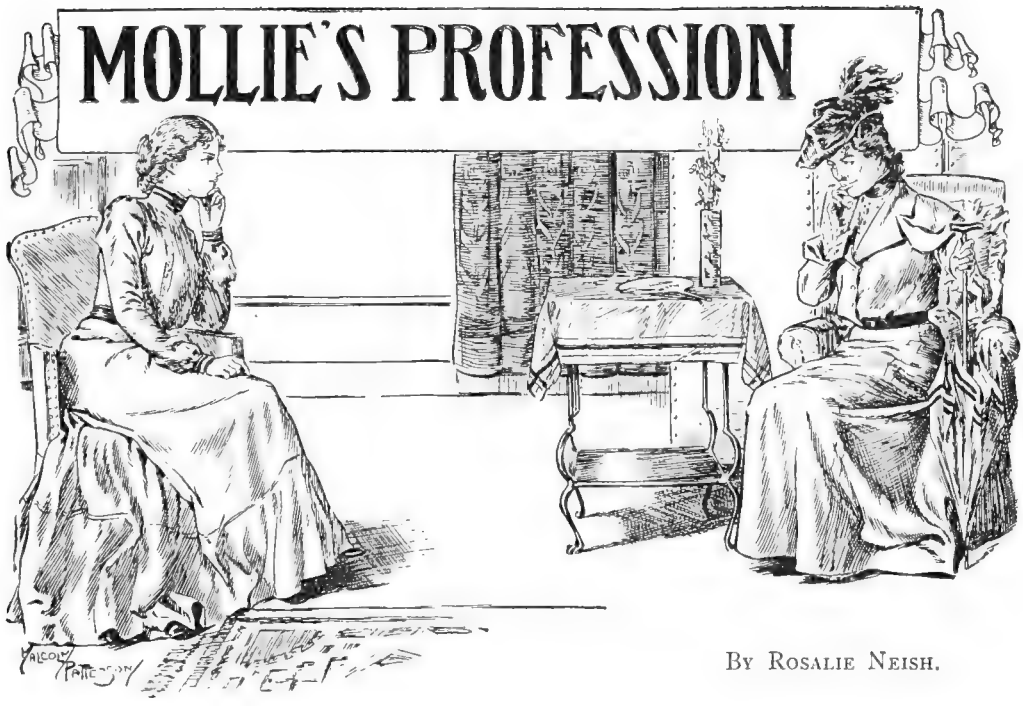
MOLLIE'S PROFESSION



By Rosalie Neish.

"But, my dear Mollie, it's impossible, quite impossible."

Miss Carruthers spoke with supplication rather than decision.

Mollie laughed and dropping the fair hair she was brushing in a shower about her shoulders, leant forward, and said gaily:

"My dear Eva, it's not only possible, but," emphatically, "it—is—going to be done, for the advertisement is already out."

Miss Carruthers, primmest and most conventional of elder sisters, shook her head, "You are far too beautiful to do anything of the sort, Mollie."

Mollie sprang to her feet.

"Am I beautiful, how delicious?" She walked over to the long looking-glass, and shook the fair hair coquettishly over her face. "Not beautiful," she said, with the air of one who wishes to be contradicted, "Surely not beautiful, Eva, you meant pretty, didn't you?"

Miss Carruthers looked at her with tender, half-motherly admiration.

"Of course you're beautiful, Mollie darling——"

"Isn't my nose too short?"

"Not in the least," said Eva decidedly, "you know that Tom Baynon said——"

"I have not the slightest desire to know what Captain Baynon said about the shape of my nose," said Mollie with an undeniable sniff.

"Mollie, darling, I think you've been very unkind to him."

Mollie arranged the folds of her long white dressing-gown, and twisting the fair hair deftly into a loose knot seated herself in a low chair before the fire.

"Let us talk over this venture of mine," she said.

Miss Carruthers made another effort on Captain Baynon's behalf. "Don't you think, Mollie, it would be a good thing, dearest, if you——"

Catching her sister's eye she faltered a little.

"I think it would be an excellent thing, and I am going to do it," said Mollie.

Miss Carruthers collapsed, and leaning back passed an elderly hand over a somewhat thin wisp of faded brown hair. Mollie, always sweet and lovable, even when most headstrong, regarded her with laughing eyes.

"My dear Eva, it's no use," she said, "you'll simply have to give way."

Miss Carruthers sighed again. She generally gave way to Mollie.

"It's—such a very extraordinary proposal," she said faintly, "I think I've really hardly understood it."

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"I'll give you the whole thing in a nutshell," said Mollie. "Here are we left friendless and practically penniless, in the heart of Mayfair, burdened with a house which we can't afford to live in."

"I think we might manage," interrupted Miss Carruthers. "We have over £200 a year."

"Bless the dear old darling," said Mollie gaily, "less than we have either of us had to dress on—you forget, Eva, that 'living' means butchers and bakers and candlestick makers, to say nothing of travelling expenses."

Miss Carruthers looked distressed.

"I know, and it would be very hard for you, darling," she said, "if you had to suffer privations."

"Very," agreed Mollie promptly, "but I don't intend to suffer anything so unpleasant. £200 a year would mean cotton stockings, and hats that you would trim for me, and I never did like your hats, dear, if you'll excuse my saying so! And now since such a brilliant idea has come into my head, I mean to make the most of it."

"Tell me exactly what it is," said Miss Carruthers.

Mollie took up the newspaper.

"Listen to this," and she read out the following advertisement:

"Lady in good position (that's me," she pursed up her pretty mouth), "gives advice on all subjects: domestic, social, and every day worries, to those whose burdens are greater than they can bear. Two-and-sixpence by letter, five shillings for an interview, by appointment only. Strictly confidential. Address: Madame Mollie Bawn, Curzon Street."

Miss Carruthers looked aghast.

"But, my dear Mollie, you surely are not going to allow them to come here."

"My good child, I am. I can't meet them at the Marble Arch, and I certainly can't afford to hire a room in Bond Street."

"But it's unheard of—preposterous."

"Rubbish," said Mollie, "it's a splendid idea and I shall get heaps of letters from misunderstood wives, and sentimental kitchen-maids, and it'll be lovely fun, and—I shall write them such answers."

"I—I don't think it's quite ladylike," urged Miss Carruthers nervously.

"I can't be ladylike on £200 a year," laughed Mollie. "I should become a horrid little wretch."

"I am sure our guardian would not have approved."

Mollie shrugged her shoulders.

"Providence and the gout having removed our guardian into another world, I don't think we need bother about him," she said. "When did he ever approve of anything?"

Miss Carruthers sighed.

"When do you begin this new——"

"Business," suggested Mollie.

"Well, I suppose it is hardly a profession," said her sister.

"Isn't it," said Mollie, "you wait until you hear me professing!"

"Of course, darling, I know you have a fund of real sympathy in you, with which you are always ready to help others," said her sister earnestly.

"Ah! but I don't sell that kind," said Mollie, "I am going to give them sham sympathy."

"What!"

"Oh, they'll get their money's worth. The whole art of sympathy is to say exactly what you know people want to hear."

At that moment the postman's knock sounded sharply through the house, and Mollie sprang to her feet.

"I shouldn't be surprised if some letters have come already?" she said.

The maid brought in a large bundle of letters. Mollie sank into a graceful heap by the fireside and held them up for her sister to look at.

They were many in number, and various in kind. Some were ironical notes from friends asking her if the advertisement was a hoax and some were written in remonstrance. Several were from people who had already poured out their troubles and inclosed a P.O.O. for two-and-sixpence, and a few asked for an appointment.

"There," said Mollie triumphantly, "I knew the world was mostly fools, and that I was a perfect female Carlyle. And now to business, Eva. Will you write and make the appointments for me while I finish dressing. You can write them downstairs, I'll stay up here, do my hair a new way and look out some smart blouses,"—which was Mollie's way of conducting business.

She was up early the next morning.

"My first appointment is not till eleven," she said, "and I am going out to get some flowers. Make the room look nice, there's a dear, so that the spider can have as attractive a parlour as possible for the poor little flies."

She went on humming a gay little song to herself.

Miss Carruthers, left alone, stood in the

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middle of the room, rubbing her forehead ruefully, and then, with a sigh, she looked round to see how she could put her pretty room in greater order for strangers.

She was barely satisfied with the result of her labours, when Mollie came running up the stairs still humming gaily to herself.

"Look," she cried, "did you ever see such irises? And these forget-me-nots, too, aren't they——" she stopped abruptly and stared at the room, and then at her sister. "Eva! what a room!"

"Isn't it nice?" said Miss Carruthers complacently.

"Nice," replied Mollie. She looked critically at her sister and then bending down to give the faded face a kiss and the tired head a pat, and dropping the flowers into her lap, said—"Here, sit down, and I'll do the whole thing in two minutes. Out goes this sunlight to begin with."

"But I pulled the blinds up on purpose. It makes the room look so bright."

"I am going to pull them down on purpose," nodded Mollie, "you can't confide in people with the blinds up."

She lowered the blinds and pulled a screen in front of the window and switched on the softly shaded electric lights. Pushing a cushioned chair against the screen, she placed a large palm on one side of it. On the other side she placed a table with an empty flower vase, and taking a few of the irises from her sister's lap, arranged them with deft fingers. Beside the flowers she laid a fire screen and then stood back, with her head on one side, and her pretty face wearing an air of hypercriticism.

"There," she said with a pleased smile. "They can hold up the screen to keep off an imaginary fire, and conceal some real awkwardness." She removed the stiff little chairs from the wall and, taking off her hat, rumpled up her hair with her fingers. "I mustn't be too tidy," she said with a glance at her sister's prim figure; "it looks unsympathetic."

Then she lifted a scent spray and squirted the perfume lightly about the room.

"I thought you didn't like scent," said Miss Carruthers.

"I don't," answered Mollie, "but other people do, and it all helps confidences. You'll see what a lot I know about human nature, Eva, and how I am going to enjoy myself."

Miss Carruthers, completely overpowered, leant back, and looked wistfully at her. "I don't know whatever you are going to say to them, Mollie. I am sure you'll feel dreadfully

"I—I don't think it's quite ladylike," urged Miss Carruthers nervously.

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awkward, and then it will—er—er—be so very awkward about—er—the money. I really don't see how you are going to take money from strangers."

"Well, my good girl, if you'll only go the other side of that curtain, you will soon hear the money chinking on to the table, or better still, in here." She gaily held out a pink palm as she spoke. "By the way, what do you think of these?" she added, opening a little parcel. "They're another addition to my stock in trade."

"Good gracious," cried Miss Carruthers, as Mollie held up a large pair of round blue glass spectacles. "Wherever did you get those dreadful things?"

"They are only for emergencies," laughed Mollie, "in case young men come that I don't like the look of, or old men who are even worse."

"You seem to know a dreadful lot about men, Mollie."

"I do, an awful lot. Quick, there's the bell, it's my first visitor."

Miss Carruthers with much trepidation hurried into the other room, leaving Mollie to rearrange the curtain.

Mollie's client was a short, fat girl with rather prominent round eyes and a weak mouth and chin. She came diffidently into the room and appeared to be divided between a nervous desire to giggle, and a sentimental desire to unburden herself of her troubles. Her chief woe was apparently about a young man, for whom she had conceived the usual amount of undying affection, which a sentimental school girl always has at her command. He was a friend of her brother's, she said, and came frequently to the house, but at present he had said nothing, and she wanted to know what she could do to gain his somewhat dilatory affection.

Mollie suggested waiting and softened the suggestion with the pleasant idea that no one could see so sweet a girl often without falling a victim to such obvious charms.

"It could but be a matter of time," said Mollie in a gentle voice of sympathy. "Perhaps he loved her already," she said, "but dared not express it."

The fat-faced girl, soothed by this ready sympathy and cheered by hope, after a long half-hour, deposited two half-crowns in a flutter of giggles and apology, and went away saying she would write soon or call again.

The next client was a tall athletic girl; Mollie slipped on her blue spectacles.

The athletic girl stood in a gentlemanly attitude, leaning against the fireplace and looked contemplatively at Mollie's ultra-feminine figure.

"Don't you find it a great bore having to give advice to strangers?" she asked languidly.

"Strangers are always interesting," responded Mollie.

"Really? I think strangers an awful bore, not perhaps worse than one's friends though. Everything, in fact, is a bore except golf and hunting," (the athletic girl pronounced it goff and huntin') "I suppose I mayn't smoke," she added taking a small gold cigarette-case from her *châtelaine*.

"I am afraid not," replied Mollie gravely.

"Oh, all right, it don't matter."

"Perhaps you will tell me what I can do for you," suggested Mollie suavely.

"To tell the truth I came because I was so awfully bored," said the athletic girl. "I saw your advertisement and thought it might amuse me."

"I hope you have derived as much amusement as you anticipated," said Mollie, and taking off her blue spectacles looked up mischievously in the athletic girl's face.

"Well I can't really say I've been much amused, but——" she stopped abruptly, "I say, you're awfully pretty," she looked down admiringly at Mollie.

Mollie, never adverse to a compliment, smiled.

"I suppose you don't go in for face massage and that kind of thing?"

Mollie shook her head.

"H'm, that's a pity," said the athletic girl, "because you're so awfully pretty. You'd be a jolly good advertisement for your creams and stuff. Well, I don't think I'll wait any longer," she added, even more abruptly.

She placed five shillings on the mantelpiece with greater delicacy than might have been expected from her appearance.

"Good-mornin'," she said, turning to nod as she reached the door. "It's been quite worth the money. I've had a sort of a novel sensation. By-the-way, you'd better put those glasses on," she added, coming back, "if you're going to interview any men. Men are such awful rotters—at least, most of 'em. Good-mornin'."

"Good-morning," replied Mollie sweetly.

Her client went out, and Miss Carruthers slipped into the room again.

"What a very impertinent person," she said angrily, "to dare to come here out of curiosity, and then to say that about men!"

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Mollie seized her sister round the waist, and danced her lightly round the room.

"You dear, prim old thing," she cried, "Never mind the curiosity. Think of the ten shillings, and all the ten shillings' to come."

She placed the money ostentatiously on the table, and hurried Miss Carruthers away as the bell rang for the third time.

Mollie's client was a small, thin young man with weak eyes, and a weak voice. Miss Carruthers barely caught the words.

"Good morning, er—Miss—er—Molly Bawn. Molly Bawn," he repeated. "Clever pseudonym—so true, too, both being pretty girls. Eh, what!"

As he fell over a stool Miss Carruthers did not catch Mollie's answer; but she was able to make a shrewd guess at it. A moment later she heard the sitting-room door bang and the electric bell peal sharply; Mollie cried:

"Little beast!" in a voice of deep disgust.

Miss Carruthers, trembling with anxiety, hastily pushed the curtain on one side and found her sister standing alone in the middle of the room with scarlet cheeks and blazing eyes.

"What's the matter? Whatever is the matter, dearest?" she asked regarding her with motherly solicitude.

"Oh, nothing," Mollie answered coolly, "only the little beast tried to kiss me."

Miss Carruthers sank into a chair.

"Tried—to—kiss—you? Oh, Mollie, how dreadful!"

"My dear girl, don't faint. You look as tragic as though he had succeeded."

"My poor darling, what a dreadful experience."

"It's not the first time in my life," said Mollie sagaciously. "He never paid his five shillings either, not that I took his wretched money. Let us go out," she continued impatiently. "I have no more appointments to-day, thank goodness! You'd never do for this business, dear, that's quite evident," she added to the pale and horrified Miss Carruthers, which was, indeed, a self-evident fact.

* * * * *

Mollie's business was increasing daily, and Miss Carruthers was becoming more and more resigned to it.

"I have seven appointments for to-day," said Mollie gaily, "and we shall soon have quite a respectable income."

"Whom are you expecting?" asked Miss Carruthers.

Mollie looked critically at her list.

"Oh, the usual mixed lot! That nice-looking, grey-haired, elderly man, who can't manage his daughters, and the little fat man whose wife has religious mania; and the sentimental girl who has a plain face, and an unfortunate desire to be loved. I told you about her, didn't I?"

Miss Carruthers nodded.

"And the little fat-faced girl is coming again," continued Mollie. "I am sorry for her. She's such a poor little affectionate thing, but such an idiot! Then there's that woman I told you came last week, who is married to a man younger than herself. She suffers tortures from jealousy, poor thing. And a new man who signs

"By the way, you'd better put those glasses on," she added, "if you're going to interview any men."

He opened the door, and barely caught sight of Mollie, standing scarlet and defiant, with one hand imprisoned.

himself E. F. who will be here in about four minutes and a half!"

Miss Carruthers rose with much haste.

"I am going out," she said, "you can tell me about him when I come in."

As she went upstairs the front door bell rang, and a moment later she caught sight of a tall figure going into Mollie's room.

The tall man crossed the room quickly, and going over to Mollie said eagerly, but nervously: "Miss Carruthers—Mollie—won't you speak to me? Good Heavens," he cried starting back suddenly, "whatever have you put on your eyes?"

Mollie took off her spectacles and confronting him with perfect calm said icily: "What can I do for you, Mr.—er—E. F.?"

Captain Baynon looked a little ashamed of himself.

"Oh, I say Mollie, don't look at me like that," he said humbly, "please don't—I couldn't help it really. I knew you wouldn't see me if I wrote under my own name, and I couldn't see you any other way. You can't think how awfully miserable I've been since you broke off our engagement. Poor little girl," he added compassionately, "I've been so sorry for all your troubles. It's beastly hard luck your having to do this sort of thing. I've been wretched about you."

Mollie, pushing her chair further into the shadow, and choking down something suspiciously like a lump in her throat, took up the fire-screen and waved it languidly.

"You have not been home long, have you, Captain Baynon?" she said, in the cold tones of conventionality. "You seem to have done very well out there. Won't you tell me all about it? You must be quite a hero now," she added mockingly.

"Hero be ——," said Captain Baynon savagely.

"By all means," assented Mollie sweetly.

Captain Baynon sprang to his feet, and began walking up and down the room.

"For goodness sake, don't be so hard on me, Mollie. I know I was a brute and a fool to doubt you, but surely you punished me enough at the time. Can't you forget it, Mollie, can't you?"

Mollie's face softened, but she controlled herself with an effort.

"My next appointment will be in seven minutes," she said, consulting a small watch with much attention. "Perhaps you will tell me what I can do for you."

"I want you to tell me how to earn your forgiveness," he said coming to her side again, and looking tenderly down at her. "Mollie, you are prettier than ever." He drew a shade closer? "Dear little Mollie, dear little girl, won't you remember what I've suffered, and forgive me. Confound!" he added, under his breath as he heard the front door bell, and Mollie gave an evident sigh of relief. "Mollie," he

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whispered, "do say I can come again, do, dear."

But Mollie had already crossed the room to greet another "appointment."

* * * * *

It was a week later, and Captain Baynon was walking restlessly up and down Curzon Street.

"What is the use of my staying here?" he said to himself, as he moodily contemplated the cigar in his hand. It had gone out, and he took a match slowly from his case and re-lit it with indifference. A man must be down-hearted indeed when he not only allows his cigar to go out, but re-lights it with indifference. Captain Banyon was very down-hearted. He had made every effort to soften Mollie's anger, and he had failed. She still treated him with the same light contempt. Perhaps she was elated over the brilliant success of her bread-winning scheme; perhaps she had ceased to care for him, and only wished for him to go away and leave her in peace.

"What is the use of my staying here to be treated like this?" thought Tom Baynon, miserably. "Why should I stay?"

He was not a man who would stand innumerable snubs, and he had borne a good many during the past few weeks.

"I am hanged if I will stand it another day," he said to himself. "I will go abroad again—I'll go to-morrow."

He looked haggard and wretched as he reached Mollie's door. "I'll just go in and say good-bye to her. No, I won't. I can't trust myself. I should only take her in my arms and kiss her, and then she'd call me a cad, and there'd be the dickens to pay——"

He bit his lip angrily, as a tall, thin, weak-eyed young man brushed past him, and ringing Mollie's bell, was instantly let into Mollie's house, to be ushered into Mollie's presence.

"Well, if she can see bounders like that, she can do anything," he thought jealously, "and I'm hanged if I'll think anything more about her. Wretched little flirt! I'll go abroad and forget her."

As he turned angrily away, and passed the house once more, he nearly fell over Miss Carruthers, who, hatless and breathless, ran straight into him, and, clasping his arms, gasped out:

"Oh, Captain Baynon, dear Captain Baynon, that little wretch has come back who tried to kiss Mollie the other day, and I believe he's frightening her, and I saw you out of the window, and," breathlessly "do go up and take him away; please, please go."

But Captain Baynon had already disappeared. In an incredibly short space of time he reached Mollie's room, and as he did so heard her cry in a sharp frightened voice:

"Go away! How dare you touch me, you brute?"

He opened the door, and barely caught sight of Mollie, standing scarlet and defiant, with one hand imprisoned, and the other pushing her client from her, when the weak-eyed young man found himself seized and flung down the stairs, and before he had time to pick himself up, hastily followed and kicked on to the doorstep, where he rolled down, at the imminent risk of knocking little Miss Carruthers into the gutter.

A moment later Captain Baynon was standing by Mollie's side again, looking coolly down into the flushed and tear-stained face.

"Thank you, thank you so much," she said, still trembling violently.

"Not at all," he replied politely, "I am only too happy to have been of any service to you."

"Won't you sit down?" asked Mollie faintly.

"Thank you, no, I have a great deal to arrange, I—er—I am going to Canada for some shooting to-morrow——"

Mollie's face paled suddenly.

"Are—you?" she faltered. "Isn't that rather a long way?" she asked lamely.

"A long way from what?"

"A long way from all your friends."

"There's nothing to stay at home for," he rejoined bitterly. "I'm not wanted, so I may as well clear out of the country again."

He stole a look at the sweet, downcast face, and, feeling that if he stayed a moment longer he should lose his self-control, he turned abruptly away.

"Good-bye, Mollie. God bless you, child!"

He had hardly reached the landing when Mollie, running after him, laid her hand for a moment on his arm, and said with a sudden strange shyness:

"Captain Baynon—Tom—do wait a minute. I—I want to ask you something."

The arm on which the little hand rested shook visibly.

He turned, and looked gravely down at her.

"Well, Mollie. What is it?"

She put the white hand coquettishly over his eyes.

"I—only—wanted—to—ask—you—if—you—wouldn't—rather—stay—at home, Tom?" she said softly and shyly.

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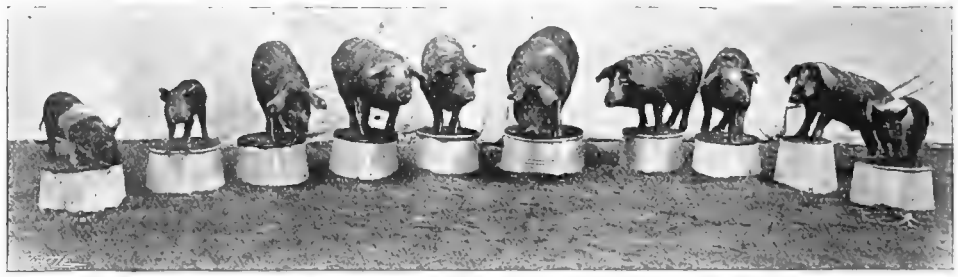
Pigs On The Stage



An Article Proving that Pigs are not so Foolish as They are Supposed to be.

By Harold Shepstone.

Pigs are very unfortunate animals. They have such a bad reputation amongst human beings, that the word "pig" is quite a byword for anything that is stupid, thereby accusing the pig himself of stupidity. This is certainly not only unjust, but libellous, and piggy is prepared here to refute the cruel and scurrilous charges which have been cast upon him by the self sufficient race of man.

Piggy by himself is apt to be just a little bit lazy and conservative. He belongs, naturally, to the Moderate and not to the Progressive party. However, when he can find a good master he is a very hard worker and can do almost anything. The master must be very good indeed, or piggy won't have anything to do with him, but will grunt at him in a most superior manner, and curl his tail up in a hard, uncompromising knot.

Mr. Edward S. Holder, of Indiana, in the United States, is a very good master, and has superintended, with the greatest success, the education of a troupe of up-country pigs, not the fat, sleek members of the prize pig variety, but the black hog, rough, ugly, and homeless, a very Ishmael amongst the porcine race.

Of course, Mr. Holder might have easily procured the more friendly and, possibly, more intelligent variety, but he thought he could have a greater triumph if he exhibited the wilder, more uncultivated pig. From Florida and the Mississippi, from Tennessee, from Georgia, and from Indiana, Mr. Holder made a little collection of pigs, ten in all, and started on the really difficult job of training them. The result has been a veritable triumph, all previous pig performances

A capital carriage and pair. Doggie thinks so, certainly!

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being broken by the indefatigable energy and long-suffering of the master. It may be of interest here to mention that up to this time no troupe of pigs numbering more than three had ever been trained together.

A very good show Mr. Holder makes of it, too, his little performers doing him credit in every way. Two of the pigs will draw a cart, driven by the trainer's dog, and these "horses" are almost as strong as a couple of Shetland ponies. They are harnessed with real harness, in miniature, of course, and can draw their little carriage along at a merry speed for several miles.

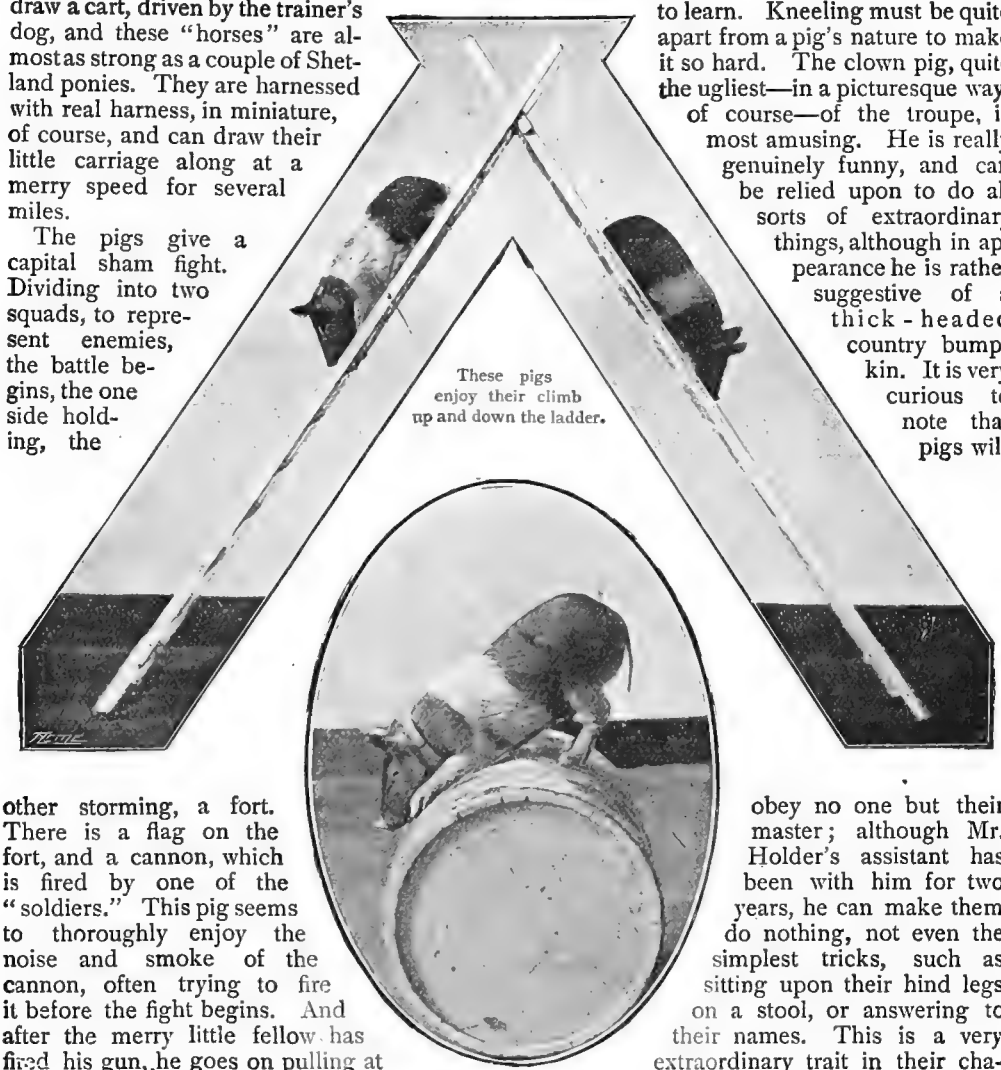
The pigs give a capital sham fight. Dividing into two squads, to represent enemies, the battle begins, the one side holding, the other storming, a fort. There is a flag on the fort, and a cannon, which is fired by one of the "soldiers." This pig seems to thoroughly enjoy the noise and smoke of the cannon, often trying to fire it before the fight begins. And after the merry little fellow has fired his gun, he goes on pulling at the lanyard, as if he wished to draw some more noise and some more smoke out of the cannon.

Presently the flag falls, the fort is taken, and the battle is over, the field being strewn quite realistically with "dead and dying."

The pigs do lots of other things, such as walking a tight-rope, or rolling barrels whilst walking on top of them, or playing musical instruments. Sometimes they will fall in and drill like real soldiers, never failing to answer to their names.

Mr. Holder says that the most difficult of all the tricks he had to teach was that of kneeling. Only one pig has mastered this art, and it took him six months to learn. Kneeling must be quite apart from a pig's nature to make it so hard. The clown pig, quite the ugliest—in a picturesque way, of course—of the troupe, is most amusing. He is really genuinely funny, and can be relied upon to do all sorts of extraordinary things, although in appearance he is rather suggestive of a thick-headed country bumpkin. It is very curious to note that pigs will obey no one but their master; although Mr. Holder's assistant has been with him for two years, he can make them do nothing, not even the simplest tricks, such as sitting upon their hind legs on a stool, or answering to their names. This is a very extraordinary trait in their character, and quite unique too.

Mr. Holder is really a wonderful trainer, not only of pigs, but of horses, dogs, and almost every other animal, domestic or otherwise. He bases his training on a careful study of the species of animal he has to deal with, its characteristics and ways, and an individual study of each animal separately. Thus he



These pigs enjoy their climb up and down the ladder.

"Have you seen me roll my barrel along? It is not so easy as it looks."

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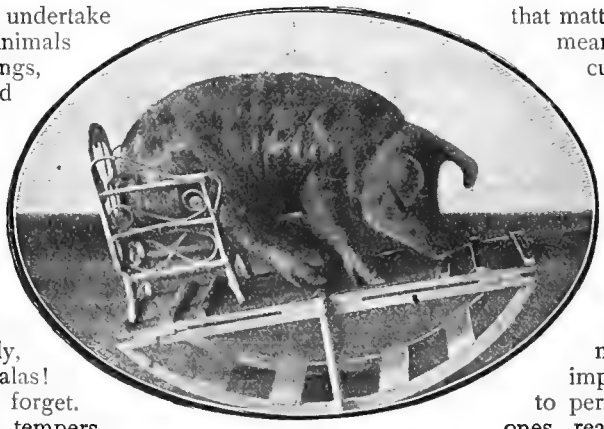
is perfectly fitted to undertake their education. Animals are like human beings, full of fads and fancies, each and everyone different from its neighbour; the one sullen and morose, hard to deal with, and still harder to teach; another vivacious and lively, quick to learn and, alas! equally quick to forget. Some have quick tempers, soon roused and soon pacified, like a burning bush; while others resemble a log of oak, which is slow to ignite, and slow to burn. All are different, none the same.



This black hog enjoys a siesta in his rocking chair after dinner.

Hence the necessity of individual study to the trainer who would make a thorough success of his training.

Kindness, too, is an absolute essential in the training of pigs, any harshness in their early training, and, in fact, throughout, reducing them at once to sullen moroseness, and rendering them absolutely hopeless to teach.

Kindness will quickly repay any efforts by giving most excellent results, as Mr. Holder can prove, when he brings his troupe of pigs over to England to delight the London public. But added to kindness must be firmness, with an obstinate learner, and it is absolutely fatal to try to educate pigs, or, for that matter, any animals by means of what is called cupboard love. One of piggy's quaintest characteristics is a marked disinclination to perform any trick once he has learnt it and got tired of it. He has no objection to learn new tricks, and so improve his mind; but to perform old and stale ones, really that is asking too much, argues piggy.

But here a little firmness and gentle persuasion must be brought to bear on him, and his strong commonsense and naturally quick understanding will soon make itself evident, and he will do the trick to the best of his ability.

Were Mr. Holder's happy little family able to talk English we may be assured that they would all unite in praising their kind master, who has gone to such pains to teach his little friends to amuse and entertain us so prettily.

And after reading this article I am sure you will agree with me that piggy has proved quite conclusively that his bad reputation and the absurd prejudice held by so many people against him are quite out of date and unfounded, and must be dropped once and for all.

A see-saw is capital sport for a change.

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THE DUBLIN MYSTERY.

Being the Sixth of a Series of Stories entitled "The Mysteries of Great Cities."

Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.

By Baroness E. Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man in the Corner *of the A. B. C. shop who tells the story to*
The Lady Journalist.
Percival Brooks.
Murray Brooks (*his younger brother*).
Henry Oranmore, K.C. } *Barristers.*
Walter Hibbert. }
John O'Neil (*Butler to the Brooks*).

I.

"I always thought that the history of that forged will was about as interesting as any I had read," said the man in the corner that day. He had been silent for some time, and was meditatively sorting and looking through a packet of small photographs in his pocket-book. I guessed that some of these would presently be placed before me for my inspec tion, and I had not long to wait.

"That is old Brooks," he said, pointing to one of the photographs, "Millionaire Brooks as he was called, and these are his two sons, Percival and Murray. It was a curious case, wasn't it? Personally I don't wonder that the police were completely at sea. If a member of that highly estimable force happened to be as clever as the clever author of that forged will, we should have very few undetected crimes in this country."

"That is why I always try to persuade you to give our poor ignorant police the benefit of your great insight and wisdom," I said.

"I know," he said blandly, "you have been most kind in that way, but I am only an amateur. Crime interests me only when it resembles a clever game of chess, with many intricate moves which all tend to one solution, the checkmating of the antagonist—the detective force of the country. Now confess that, in the Dublin mystery, the clever police there were absolutely checkmated."

"Absolutely."

"Just as the public was. There were actually two crimes there which have completely baffled detection. The murder of Patrick Wethered the lawyer, and the forged will of Millionaire Brooks. There are not many millionaires in Ireland; no wonder old Brooks was a notability in his way, since his business—bacon-curing, I believe it is—is said to be worth over £2,000,000 of solid money.

"His younger son Murray was a refined, highly-educated man, and was moreover the apple of his father's eye, as he was the spoilt darling of Dublin society; good looking, a splendid dancer, and a perfect rider, he was the acknowledged 'catch' of the matrimonial market of Ireland, and many a very aristocratic house was opened hospitably to the favourite son of the millionaire.

"Of course Percival Brooks, the eldest son, would inherit the bulk of the old man's property and also probably the larger share in the business; he, too, was good-looking, more so than his brother, he, too, rode, danced, and talked well, but it was many years ago that mammas with marriageable daughters had given up all hopes of Percival

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Brooks as a probable son-in-law. That young man's infatuation for Maisie Fortescue, a lady of undoubted charm but very doubtful antecedents, who had astonished the London and Dublin music-halls with her extravagant dances—was too well known and too old-established to encourage any hopes in other quarters.

"Whether Percival Brooks would ever marry Maisie Fortescue was thought to be very doubtful. Old Brooks had the full disposal of all his wealth, and it would have fared ill with Percival if he introduced an undesirable wife into the magnificent Fitzwilliam Place establishment.

"That is how matters stood," continued the man in the corner, "when Dublin society one morning learnt with deep regret and dismay that old Brooks had died very suddenly at his residence after only a few hours' illness. At first it was generally understood that he had had an apoplectic stroke; anyway, he had been at business hale and hearty as ever the day before his death, which occurred late on the evening of December 1st.

"It was the morning papers of December 2nd which told the sad news to their readers, and it was those self-same papers which on that eventful morning contained another, even more startling piece of news, which proved the prelude to a series of sensations, such as tranquil, placid Dublin had not experienced for many years. This was, that on that very afternoon which saw the death of Dublin's greatest millionaire, Mr. Patrick Wethered, his solicitor, was murdered in Phœnix Park at five o'clock in the afternoon, while actually walking to his own house from his visit to his client in Fitzwilliam Place.

"Patrick Wethered was as well known as the proverbial town pump; his mysterious and tragic death filled all Dublin with dismay. The lawyer, who was a man sixty years of age, had been struck on the back of his head by a heavy stick, garrotted, and subsequently robbed, for neither money, watch, or pocket-book were found upon his person, whilst the police soon gathered from Patrick Wethered's household that he had left home at two o'clock that afternoon, carrying both watch and pocket-book, and undoubtedly money as well.

"An inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder was found against some person or persons unknown.

"But Dublin had not exhausted its stock of sensations yet. Millionaire Brooks had been buried with due pomp and magnificence and his will had been proved (his business and personalty being estimated at £2,500,000), by Percival Gordon Brooks, his eldest son and sole executor. The younger son, Murray, who had devoted the best years of his life to being a friend and companion to his father, while Percival ran after ballet dancers and music-hall stars—Murray who had avowedly been the apple of his father's eye in consequence—was left with a miserly pittance of £300 a year, and no share whatever in the gigantic business of Brooks & Sons, bacon curers of Dublin.

"Something had evidently happened within the precincts of the Brooks' town mansion, which the public and Dublin society tried in vain to fathom. Elderly mammas and blushing *débutantes* were already thinking of the best means whereby next season they might more easily show the cold shoulder to young Murray Brooks, who had so suddenly become a hopeless 'detrimental' in the marriage market, when all these sensations terminated in one gigantic, overwhelming bit of scandal, which for the next three months furnished food for gossip in every drawing room in Dublin.

"Mr. Murray Brooks, namely, had entered a claim for probate of a will made by his father in 1891, declaring that the later will made the very day of his father's death and proved by his brother as sole executor was null and void, that will being a forgery."

II.

"THE facts that transpired in connection with this extraordinary case were sufficiently mysterious to puzzle everybody. As I told you before, all Mr. Brooks' friends never quite grasped the idea that the old man should so completely have cut off his favourite son with the proverbial shilling.

"You see Percival had always been a thorn in the old man's flesh. Horse-racing, gambling, theatres, and music-halls were, in the old pork-butcher's eyes, so many deadly sins which his son committed every day of his life, and all the Fitzwilliam Place household could testify to the many and bitter quarrels which had arisen between father and son over the latter's gambling or racing debts. Many people asserted that Brooks would sooner have left his money to charitable institutions than seen it squandered upon the brightest stars that adorned the music-hall stage.

"The case came up for hearing early in the spring. In the meanwhile Percival Brooks had given up his racecourse

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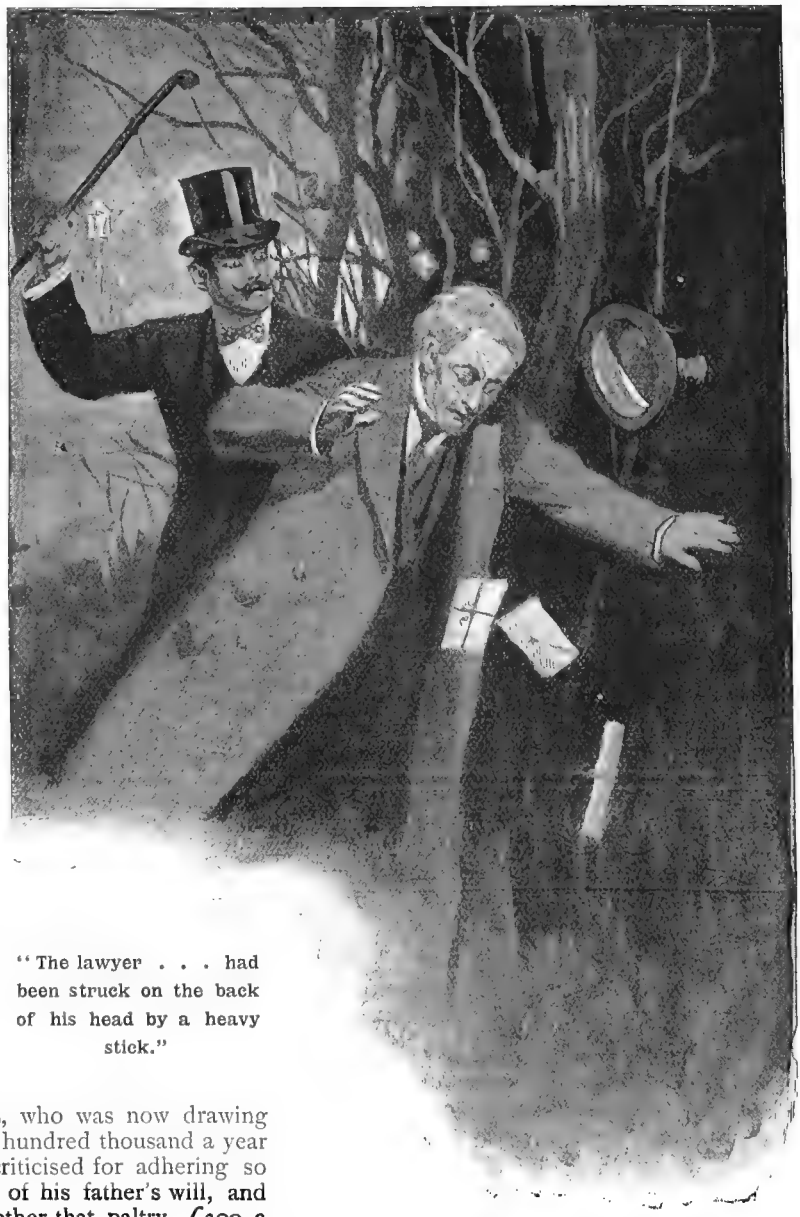
associates, settled down in the Fitzwilliam Place mansion and conducted his father's business, without a manager, but with all the energy and forethought which he had previously devoted to more unworthy causes.

"Murray had elected not to stay on in the old house; no doubt associations were of too painful and recent a nature; he was boarding with the family of a Mr. Wilson Hibbert, who was the late Patrick Wethered's, the murdered lawyer's, partner. They were quiet, homely people, who lived in a very pokey little house in Kilkenny Street, and poor Murray must, in spite of his grief, have felt very bitterly the change from his luxurious quarters in his father's mansion to his present tiny room and homely meals.



"The lawyer . . . had been struck on the back of his head by a heavy stick."

"Percival Brooks, who was now drawing an income of over a hundred thousand a year was very severely criticised for adhering so strictly to the letter of his father's will, and only paying his brother that paltry £300 a year, which was very literally but the crumbs off his own magnificent dinner table.

"The issue of that contested will case was therefore awaited with eager interest. In the meanwhile the police, who had at first seemed fairly loquacious on the subject of the murder of Mr. Patrick Wethered, suddenly became strangely reticent and by their very reticence aroused a certain amount of uneasiness in the public mind, until one day the *Irish Times* published the following extraordinary, enigmatic paragraph.

"'We hear on authority, which cannot be questioned, that certain extraordinary developments are expected in connection with the brutal murder of our distinguished townsman Mr. Wethered; the police, in fact, are vainly trying to keep it secret that they hold a clue which is as important as it is sensational, and that they only await the impending issue of a

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well known litigation in the probate court to effect an arrest.'

"The Dublin public flocked to the court to hear the arguments in the great will case. I myself journeyed down to Dublin. As soon as I succeeded in fighting my way to the densely crowded court, I took stock of the various actors in the drama, which I as a spectator was prepared to enjoy. There were Percival Brooks and Murray his brother, the two litigants, both good-looking and well dressed, and both striving, by keeping up a running conversation with their lawyer, to appear unconcerned and confident of the issue. With Percival Brooks was Henry Oranmore, the eminent Irish K.C., whilst Walter Hibbert, a rising young barrister, the son of Wilson Hibbert, appeared for Murray.

"The will of which the latter claimed probate was one dated 1891, and had been made by Mr. Brooks during a severe illness which threatened to end his days. This will had been deposited in the hands of Messrs. Wethered & Hibbert, solicitors to the deceased, and by it Mr. Brooks left his personalty equally divided between his two sons, but had left his business entirely to his youngest son, with a charge of £2000 a year upon it, payable to Percival. You see that Murray Brooks therefore had a very deep interest in that second will being found null and void.

"Old Mr. Hibbert had very ably instructed his son, and Walter Hibbert's opening speech was exceedingly clever. He would show, he said, on behalf of his client, that the will dated December 1st, 1900 could never have been made by the the late Mr. Brooks as it was absolutely contrary to his avowed intentions, and that if the late Mr. Brooks did on the day in question make any fresh will at all, it certainly was *not* the one proved by Mr. Percival Brooks, for that was absolutely a forgery from beginning to end. Mr. Walter Hibbert proposed to call several witnesses in support of both these points.

"On the other hand Mr. Henry Oranmore, K.C., very ably and courteously replied that he too had several witnesses to prove that Mr. Brooks certainly did make a will on the day in question, and that whatever his intentions may have been in the past, he must have modified them on the day of his death, for the will proved by Mr. Percival Brooks was found after his death under his pillow, duly signed and witnessed and in every way legal.

"Then the battle began in sober earnest. It chiefly centred round the prosaic figure of John O'Neill, the butler at Fitzwilliam Place, who had been in Mr. Brooks' family for thirty years.

"'I was clearing away my breakfast things,' said John, 'when I heard the master's voice in the study close by. Oh my, he was that angry! I could hear the words "disgrace," and "villain," and "liar," and "ballet-dancer," and one or two other ugly words as applied to some female lady, which I would not like to repeat. At first I did not take much notice, as I was quite used to hearing my poor dear master having words with Mr. Percival. So I went downstairs carrying my breakfast things; but I had just started cleaning my silver when the study bell goes ringing violently, and I hear Mr. Percival's voice shouting in the hall: "John! quick! Send for Dr. Mulligan at once. Your master is not well! Send one of the men, and you come up and help me to get Mr. Brooks to bed."

"'I sent one of the grooms for the doctor,' continued John, who seemed still affected at the recollection of his poor master, to whom he had evidently been very much attached, 'and I went up to see Mr. Brooks. I found him lying on the study floor, his head supported in Mr. Percival's arms. "My father has fallen in a faint," said the young master; "help me to get him up to his room before Dr. Mulligan comes."

"'Mr. Percival looked very white and upset, which was only natural; and when we had got my poor master to bed, I asked if I should not go and break the news to Mr. Murray, who had gone to business an hour ago. However, before Mr. Percival had time to give me an order, the doctor came. I thought I had seen death plainly writ in my master's face, and when I showed the doctor out an hour later, and he told me that he would be back directly, I knew that the end was near.

"'Mr. Brooks rang for me a minute or two later. He told me to send at once for Mr. Wethered, or else for Mr. Hibbert, if Mr. Wethered could not come. "I haven't many hours to live, John," he says to me—"my heart is broke, the doctor says my heart is broke. A man shouldn't marry and have children, John, for they will sooner or later break his heart." I was so upset I couldn't speak; but I sent round at once for Mr. Wethered, who came himself just about three o'clock that afternoon.

"'After he had been with my master about an hour, I was called in, and Mr. Wethered said to me that Mr. Brooks wished me and one other of us servants to witness that he

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had signed a paper which was on a table by his bedside. I called Pat Mooney, the head footman, and before us both Mr. Brooks put his name at the bottom of that paper. Then Mr. Wethered give me the pen and told me to write my name as a witness, and that Pat Mooney was to do the same. After that we were both told that we could go.'

"He was present on the following day when the undertakers, who had come to lay his master out, found a paper underneath his pillow. John O'Neill, who recognised the paper as the one to which he had appended his signature the day before, took it to Mr. Percival, and gave it into his hands.

"In answer to Mr. Walter Hibbert, John asserted positively that he took the paper from the undertaker's hand and went straight with it to Mr. Percival's room.

"'He was alone,' said John, 'I gave him the paper. He just glanced at it, and I thought he looked rather astonished, but he said nothing, and I at once left the room.'

"'When you say that you recognised the paper as the one which you had seen your master sign the day before, how did you actually recognise that it was the same paper?' asked Mr. Hibbert amidst breathless interest on the part of the spectators. I narrowly observed the witness's face.

"'It looked exactly the same paper to me, sir,' replied John somewhat vaguely.

"'Did you look at the contents, then?'

"'No, sir; certainly not.'

"'Had you done so the day before?'

"'No, sir, only at my master's signature.'

"'Then you only thought by the *outside* look of the paper that it was the same.'

"'It looked the same thing, sir,' persisted John obstinately.

"You see," continued the man in the corner, leaning eagerly forward across the narrow marble table, "the contention of Murray Brooks' adviser was that Mr. Brooks, having made a will and hidden it—for some reason or other under his pillow—that will had fallen, through the means related by John O'Neill, into the hands of Mr. Percival Brooks, who had destroyed it and substituted a forged one in its place, which adjudged the whole of Mr. Brooks' millions to himself. It was a terrible and very daring accusation directed against a gentleman who, in spite of his many wild oats sowed in early youth, was a prominent and important figure in Irish high-life.

"'I found him lying on the study floor, his head supported in Mr. Percival's arms.'"

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"All those present were aghast at what they heard, and the whispered comments I could hear around me showed me that public opinion at least did not uphold Mr. Murray Brooks' daring accusation against his brother.

"But John O'Neill had not finished his evidence, and Mr. Walter Hibbert had a bit of sensation still up his sleeve. He had, namely, produced a paper, the will proved by Mr. Percival Brooks, and had asked John O'Neill if once again he recognised the paper.

"'Certainly, sir,' said John unhesitatingly, 'that is the one the undertaker found under my poor dead master's pillow, and which I took to Mr. Percival's room immediately.'

"Then the paper was unfolded and placed before the witness.

"'Now, Mr. O'Neill, will you tell me if that is your signature?'

"John looked at it for a moment; then he said: 'Excuse me, sir,' and produced pair of spectacles which he carefully adjusted before he again examined the paper. Then he thoughtfully shook his head.

"'It don't look much like my writing, sir,' he said at last. 'That is to say,' he added, by way of elucidating the matter, 'it does look like my writing, but then I don't think it is.'

"There was at that moment a look in Mr. Percival Brooks' face," continued the man in the corner quietly, "which then and there gave me the whole history of that quarrel, that illness of Mr. Brooks, of the will, aye! and of the murder of Patrick Wethered too.

"All I wondered at was how every one of those learned counsel on both sides did not get the clue just the same as I did, but went on arguing, speechifying, cross-examining for nearly a week, until they arrived at the one conclusion which was inevitable from the very first, namely, that the will *was* a forgery—a gross, clumsy, idiotic forgery, since both John O'Neill and Pat Mooney, the two witnesses, absolutely repudiated the signatures as their own. The only successful bit of caligraphy the forger had done was the signature of old Mr. Brooks.

"'It don't look much like my writing, sir,' he said at last. 'That is to say,' he added, ... 'it does look like my writing, but then I don't think it is.'"

"It was a very curious fact, and one which had undoubtedly aided the forger in accomplishing his work quickly, that Mr. Wethered the lawyer having, no doubt, realised that Mr. Brooks had not many moments in life to spare, had not drawn up the usual engrossed, magnificent document dear to the lawyer heart, but had used for his client's will one of those regular printed forms which can be purchased at any stationer's.

"Mr. Percival Brooks, of course, flatly denied the serious allegation brought against him. He admitted that the butler had brought him the document the morning after his father's death, and that he certainly, on glancing at it, had been very much astonished to see that that document was his father's will. Against that he declared that its contents did not astonish him in the slightest degree, that he himself knew of the testator's intentions, but that he certainly thought his father had intrusted the will to the care of Mr. Wethered, who did all his business for him.

"'I only very cursorily glanced at the signature,' he concluded, speaking in a perfectly calm, clear voice, 'you must understand that the thought of forgery was very far from my mind, and that my father's signature is exceedingly well imitated, if, indeed, it is not his own, which I am not at all prepared to believe. As for the two witnesses' signatures, I don't think I had ever seen them before. I took the document to Messrs. Barkston & Maud, who had often done business for me before, and they assured me that the will was in perfect form and order.'

"Asked why he had not intrusted the will to his father's solicitors, he replied:

"'For the very simple reason, that exactly half an hour before the will was placed in my hands, I had read that Mr. Patrick Wethered had been murdered the night before. Mr. Hibbert, the junior partner, was not personally known to me.'

"After that, for form's sake, a good deal of expert evidence was heard on the subject

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of the dead man's signature. But that was quite unanimous, and merely went to corroborate what had already been established beyond a doubt, namely, that the will dated December 1st, 1900 was a forgery, and probate of the will dated 1891 was therefore granted to Mr. Murray Brooks, the sole executor mentioned therein."

III.

"Two days later the police applied for a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Percival Brooks on a charge of forgery.

"The Crown prosecuted, and Mr. Brooks had again the support of Mr. Oranmore, the eminent K.C. Perfectly calm, like a man conscious of his own innocence and unable to grasp the idea that justice does sometimes miscarry, Mr. Brooks, the son of the millionaire, himself still the possessor of a very large fortune, under the former will, stood up in the dock on that memorable day in May, 1902, which still no doubt lives in the memory of his many friends.

"All the evidence with regard to Mr. Brooks' last moments and the forged will was gone through over again. That will, it was the contention of the Crown, had been forged so entirely in favour of the accused, cutting out everyone else, that obviously no one but the beneficiary under that false will would have had any motive in forging it.

"Very pale, and with a frown between his deep set handsome Irish eyes, Percival Brooks listened to this large volume of evidence piled up against him by the Crown.

"At times he held brief consultations with Mr. Oranmore, who seemed as cool as a cucumber. Have you ever seen Oranmore in court? He is a character worthy of Dickens. His pronounced brogue, his fat, podgy clean-shaven face, his not always immaculately clean large hands, have often delighted the caricaturist. As it very soon transpired during that memorable magisterial inquiry he relied for a verdict in favour of his client upon two main points, and he had concentrated all his skill upon making these two points as telling as he possibly could.

"The first point was the question of time. John O'Neill, cross-examined by Oranmore, stated without hesitation that he had given the will to Mr. Percival at eleven o'clock in the morning. And now the eminent K.C. brought forward and placed in the witness box the very lawyers into whose hands the accused had then immediately placed the will. Now Mr. Barkston, a very well-known solicitor of King Street, declared positively that Mr. Percival Brooks was in his office at a quarter before twelve; two of his clerks testified to the same time exactly, and it was *impossible*, contended Mr. Oranmore, that within three-quarters of an hour Mr. Brooks could have gone to a stationer's, bought a will form, copied Mr. Wethered's writing, his father's signature, and that of John O'Neill and Pat Mooney.

"Such a thing might have been planned, arranged, practised, and ultimately after a great deal of trouble, successfully carried out, but human intelligence could not grasp the other as a possibility.

"Still the judge wavered. The eminent K.C. had shaken but not shattered his belief in the prisoner's guilt. But there was one point more, and this Oranmore, with the skill of a dramatist, had reserved for the fall of the curtain.

"He noted every sign in the judge's face, he guessed that his client was not yet absolutely safe, then only did he produce his last two witnesses.

"One of them was Mary Sullivan, one of the housemaids in the Fitzwilliam Mansion. She had been sent up by the cook at a quarter past four o'clock on the afternoon of December 1st with some hot water, which the nurse had ordered for the master's room. Just as she was about to knock at the door, Mr. Wethered was coming out of the room. Mary stopped with the tray in her hand, and at the door Mr. Wethered turned and said quite loud; 'Now, don't fret, don't be anxious; do try and be calm. Your will is safe in my pocket, nothing can change it, or alter one word of it but yourself.'

"It was of course a very ticklish point in law whether the housemaid's evidence could be accepted. You see she was quoting the words of a man since dead, spoken to another man also dead. There is no doubt that had there been very strong evidence on the other side against Percival Brooks, Mary Sullivan's would have counted for nothing, but as I told you before the judge's belief in the prisoner's guilt was already very seriously shaken, and now the final blow aimed at it by Mr. Oranmore shattered his last lingering doubts.

"Dr. Mulligan, namely, had been placed by Mr. Oranmore into the witness box. He was a medical man of unimpeachable authority, in fact absolutely at the head of his profession in Dublin. What he said practically corroborated Mary Sullivan's testimony. He had gone in to see Mr. Brooks at half-past

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"Just as she was about to knock at the door, Mr. Wethered was coming out of the room."

four, and understood from him that his lawyer had just left him.

"Mr. Brooks certainly, though terribly weak, was calm and more composed. He was dying from a sudden heart attack, and Dr. Mulligan foresaw the almost immediate end. But he was still conscious and managed to murmur feebly, 'I feel much easier in my mind now, doctor—I have made my will—Wethered has been—he's got it in his pocket—it is safe there—safe from that ——' but the words died on his lips, and after that he spoke but little. He saw his two sons before he died, but hardly knew them or even looked at them."

IV.

"You see," concluded the man in the corner, "you see that the prosecution was bound to collapse. Oranmore did not give it a leg to stand upon. The will was forged, it is true, forged in the favour of Percival Brooks and of no one else, forged for him and for his benefit. Whether he knew and connived at the forgery, was never proved or, as far as I know, even hinted, but it was impossible to go against all the evidence, which pointed that, as far as the act itself was concerned, he at least was most innocent. You see Dr. Mulligan's evidence was not to be shaken. Mary Sullivan's was equally strong.

"There were two witnesses swearing positively that old Brooks' will was in Mr. Wethered's keeping when that gentleman left Fitzwilliam Mansion at a quarter-past-four. At five o'clock in the afternoon, the lawyer was found dead in Phœnix Park. Between a quarter-past-four and eight o'clock in the evening Percival Brooks never left the house,—that was subsequently proved by Oranmore beyond a doubt. Since the will found under old Brooks' pillow was a forged will, where then was the will he did make, and which Wethered carried away with him in his pocket?"

"Stolen, of course," I said, "by those who murdered and robbed him; it may have been of no value to them, but they naturally would destroy it, lest it might prove a clue against them."

"Then you think it was mere coincidence?" he asked excitedly.

"What?"

"That Wethered was murdered and robbed at the very moment that he carried the will in

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his pocket, whilst another was being forged in its place?"

"It certainly would be very curious, if it *were* a coincidence," I said musingly.

"Very," he repeated with biting sarcasm, whilst nervously his bony fingers played with the inevitable bit of string. "Very curious indeed. Just think of the whole thing. There was the old man with all his wealth, and two sons, one to whom he is devoted, and the other with whom he does nothing but quarrel. One day there is another of these quarrels, but more violent, more terrible than any that have previously occurred, with the result that the father, heart-broken by it all, has an attack of the heart—practically dies of a broken heart. After that he alters his will, and subsequently a will is proved which turns out to be a forgery.

"Now everybody, police, press, and public alike, at once jump to the conclusion that, as Percival Brooks benefits by that forged will, Percival Brooks must be the forger."

"Seek for him whom the crime benefits, is your own axiom," I argued.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Percival Brooks benefited to the tune of £2,000,000."

"I beg your pardon. He did nothing of the sort. He was left with less than half the share that his younger brother inherited."

"Now, yes; but that was a former will and——"

"And that forged will was so clumsily executed, the signature so carelessly imitated, that the forgery was bound to come to light. Did *that* never strike you?"

"Yes, but——"

"There is no but." he interrupted. "It was all as clear as daylight to me, from the very first. The quarrel with the old man, which broke his heart was not with his eldest son, with whom he was used to quarrelling, but with the second son whom he idolised, in whom he believed. Don't you remember how John O'Neill heard the words 'liar' and 'deceit'? Percival Brooks had never deceived his father. His sins were all on the surface. Murray had led a quiet life, had pandered to his father, and fawned upon him, until, like most hypocrites, he at last got found out. Who knows what ugly gambling debt or debt of honour, suddenly revealed to old Brooks, was the cause of that last and deadly quarrel?

"You remember that it was Percival who remained beside his father and carried him up to his room. Where was Murray throughout that long and painful day, when his father lay dying—he, the idolised son, the apple of the old man's eye? You never hear his name mentioned as being present there all that day. But he knew that he had offended his father mortally, and that his father meant to cut him off with a shilling. He knew that Mr. Wethered had been sent for, that Wethered left the house soon after four o'clock.

"And here the cleverness of the man comes in. Having lain in wait for Wethered and knocked him on the back of the head with a stick, he could not very well make that will disappear altogether. There remained the faint chance of some other witnesses knowing that Mr. Brooks had made a fresh will, Mr. Wethered's partner, his clerk, or one of the confidential servants in the house. Therefore *a* will must be discovered after the old man's death.

"Now Murray Brooks was not an expert forger, it takes years of training to become that. A forged will executed by himself would be sure to be found out—yes, that's it, sure to be found out. The forgery will be palpable—let it be palpable, and then it will be found out, branded as such, and the original will of 1891, so favourable to the young blackguard's interests, will be held as valid. Was it devilry or merely additional caution which prompted Murray to pen that forged will so glaringly in Percival's favour? It is impossible to say.

"Anyhow, it was the cleverest touch in that marvellously-devised crime. To plan that evil deed was great, to execute it was easy enough. He had several hours' leisure in which to do it. Then at night it was simplicity itself to slip the document under the dead man's pillow. Sacrilege causes no shudder to such natures as Murray Brooks. The rest of the drama you know already—"

"But Percival Brooks?"

"The jury returned a verdict of 'Not guilty.' There was no evidence against him."

"But the money? Surely the scoundrel does not have the enjoyment of it still?"

"No; he enjoyed it for a time, but he died about three months ago, and forgot to take the precaution of making a will, so his brother Percival has got the business after all. If you ever go to Dublin I should order some of Brooks' bacon if I were you. It is very good."

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Many Faces In One

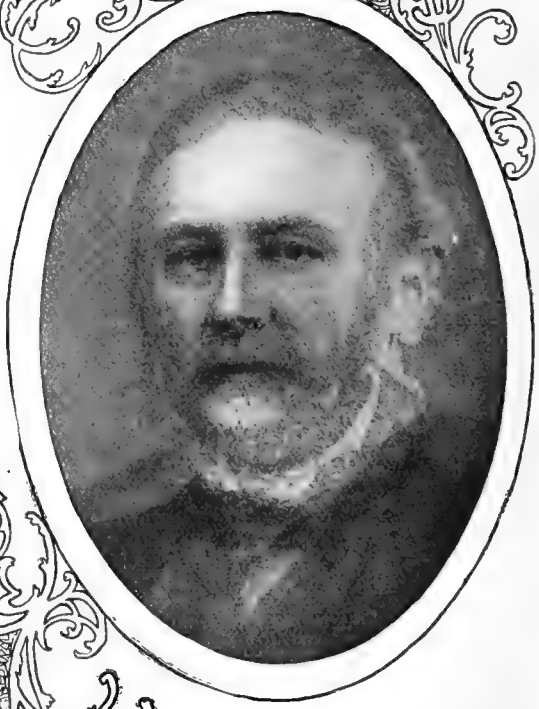
By Spencer Courthope.

An entertaining article about composite photographs, which you should read carefully, as it suggests a very interesting pastime.

Can any reader supply names to the portraits which appear on this and the two succeeding pages? It would be a clever thing to do—in fact, rather too clever; for each of our illustrations is a composite picture—that is to say, made up from the likenesses of several eminent persons.

A composite photograph? What is that? You may well ask. Here the photographer steps in.

This enterprising person takes a series of photographs of different persons in the same position and with the head and bust of each as nearly the same size as possible. These negatives he prints on the same paper, giving each a short exposure, and thus producing a picture containing an equal element of each face.



The statesman personified. Here we have Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Gully, Mr. St. J. Brodrick, the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the late Earl of Kimberley, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain.

Here are a group of Ecclesiastics. They include the two Archbishops, the late Dr. Creighton, the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Parker, and Dr. Clifford, while the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hermann Adler, completes the list.

As for trying to decipher the various celebrities, which make up each portrait, you should look at the photographs from all points of view. It will be quite easy in most cases to recognise some one very prominent person, as, for instance, Lord Kitchener in the photograph of the various generals. The powerful and fascinating eyes of the great leader are unmistakable. Here, too, we can easily recognise Lord Methuen, and, by holding the picture in a different position, we can catch a glimpse of Lord Roberts.

Similarly with the other compositions. We easily see Queen Alexandra amongst the

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prominent society beauties. Lord Salisbury, and the Premier, Mr. Arthur Balfour, are discernible amongst politicians, while here, too, that noble forehead and the faint suspicion of an eyeglass—surely, they denote the Colonial Secretary. Another photograph looks like Sir Henry Irving and Viscount Goschen rolled into one, but as a matter of fact, the churches have, for once, ceased squabbling over ritual, and are united to delight our readers. For here are the Chief Rabbi and Dr. Joseph Parker together with the late Dr. Creighton, while the rival Archbishops of Canterbury and York are not absent.

Nothing could be more wise and solemn than the legal "face," and even were it not crowned with a wig, that face could scarcely fail to be judicial. Lord Alverstone is specially prominent here, and you catch glimpses also of Sir George Lewis and many other legal luminaries.

Actresses have also pleased the photographer's

A group of soldiers. Lord Kitchener, Viscount Wolseley, Earl Roberts, Generals Macdonald, French, Sir Evelyn Wood, Baden-Powell, White, Lord Methuen, and the Duke of Cambridge.

Some beauties of Society are in this charming photograph. First and foremost, of course, is Queen Alexandra, supported by Lady Evelyn Ward, Lady Grey-Egerton, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, Princess Henry of Pless, the Countess of Warwick, and the Duchess of Sutherland.

Some lights of the Bar—Lord Alverstone, Mr. Justice Kennedy, Mr. Justice Kay, Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., Sir R. B. Finlay, K.C., Mr. Justice Lindley, Mr. Justice Collins, and Sir G. Lewis.

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A charming collection of actresses—Misses E. Terriss, Ellen Terry, Edna May, Mabel Love, Maud Jeffries, Lena Ashwell, Evelyn Millard, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

suggests the artistic and emotional. The actor, too, is an artist; his face betrays him at once, the sensitive mouth and the languid eye both showing the artistic temperament.

And what prevents you, who are a patron of the camera, from experimenting in composite photographs? Just think what an interesting collection you could get together! To begin with, you could take a composite photograph of all the members of your family in order to get a picture of your family type. Then there are your friends to experiment on; half-a-dozen of these would give you the type of the man or woman, as the case may be, who especially appeals to your affections. When once you begin making composite photographs, you'll find it difficult to leave off.

fancy, though these are harder to distinguish than the others. The male members of the stage certainly are very apt to be puzzling at first, though here we can "spot" Sir Henry Irving quickly, and also Mr. Martin Harvey.

The pictures form a very interesting study of types: the legal face, learned and grave, suggesting knotty problems of the law; or the soldier's, moustached and stern, an immobile face, a strong face, showing capabilities of instant action, and of great endurance. Again, we have the society face, sweet and gracious, refined and courteous, while the actress face, besides possessing these womanly qualities,

A typical actor's face—Sir Henry Irving, Messrs. Forbes Robertson, Edward Terry, Tree, Penley, George Alexander, Lewis Waller, and Martin Harvey.

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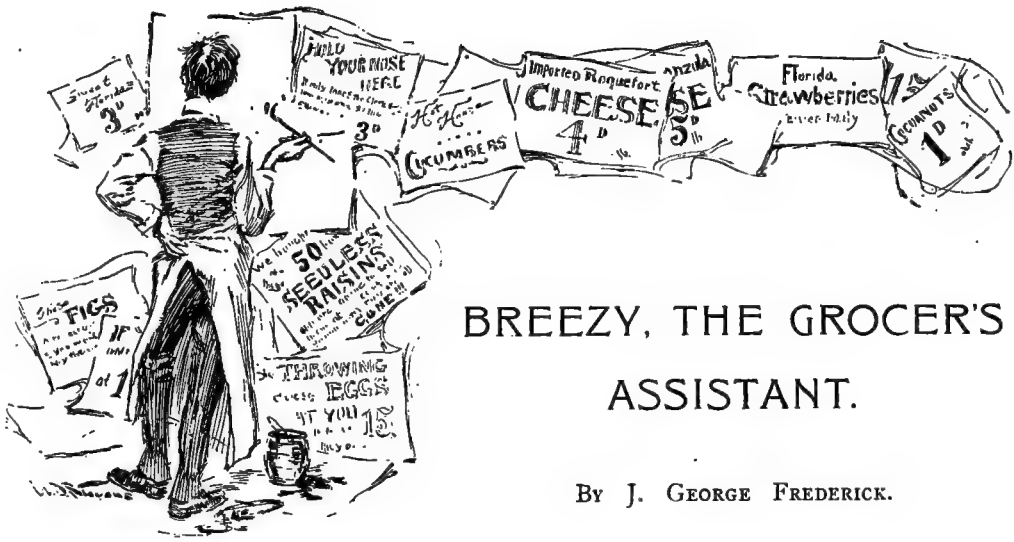

BREEZY, THE GROCER'S ASSISTANT.

By J. George Frederick.

When John Henry Leslie & Co., grocers, took him on they thought they had secured an ordinary shopman, and gave themselves no further concern. They were prosperous without being progressive. They already had a force of about a dozen assistants beside half a dozen delivery vans. They had hired assistants for twenty years, and to them it was a troublesome and vexatious proceeding. They frowned at first at his light frame, but when he put a prostrate sugar barrel on end with easy unconcern, all objections were immediately withdrawn:

His surname was Smith, and his Christian name Hezekiah. His mother called him "Zeke," and his companions "Breezy."

Breezy entered upon his work whistling in supreme content. He was at the bottom of the commercial hill, and was preparing to run up to the top. The big, busy shop was a good arena. He had no high ambitions to make him dream, no love affairs to make him forgetful, and no vices to keep him from doing his best. There wasn't a lazy tendon in his body.

He was not tall. If he had been, he would have been lazy. He was short, thin, black-eyed, nervous, and muscular. Before his ponderous companions got an idea through their heads, Breezy was half-way through with the action. A few thought he was a genius, but they were mistaken. Breezy was innocent of the smallest spark. He just had a large capital of nervous energy that made him work while others were content to lounge.

They put him behind the fruit counter. His first act was to clean it up generally. "Such a rum way of doing business," he muttered, quite like an experienced grocer, scowling at the hidden waste and slip-shod displays of his predecessor. When he had finished the counter there was absolutely no fault to find with it. But he was not satisfied. He went into the cellar and started to saw and nail some boxes to make receptacles for various things at the back of his counter.

"What are you doing here?" said the pompous and obese superintendent, finding him at work.

"Oh," said Breezy carelessly, "I'm just getting some boxes into shape to put odds and ends in at my counter."

"We have got a carpenter to do that," said the superintendent with displeasure; "get upstairs and attend to your customers."

Breezy went up, and finished the boxes while the superintendent was absent. He cleaned the fruit on his counter four times a day.

"It gets so dusty," he said briskly to a

Breezy entered upon his work whistling in supreme content.

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He made a personal canvass amongst the customers, and secured a number of sales.

fellow shopman, who looked askance at the action.

"The last man didn't," replied the other.

"Didn't he?" said Breezy coolly.

Of course they all laughed at him. His tie was awry and of objectionable hue, and his trousers lacked the proper cut and crease.

The fruit trade was slow, and Breezy was highly impatient. The superintendent compelled him to stay behind his counter, and he had to gaze impatiently over the bustling crowd of the shop, which seemed to stop at every other counter but his. Twice, when the superintendent was not about, he made a personal canvass among the customers, and secured a number of sales. A third time he was discovered, and peremptorily ordered back.

After closing time, Breezy was absent-minded and restless. The noise from the counting-house, the aroma of freshly roasted coffee, of bacon and of cheese, the click of the weighing scales, the scraping of the busy scoops, the shrill staccato of the register bells and opening drawers, the rustle of the wrapping paper, the shuffle of hurrying feet, and the rumble of the carts on the roadway outside, and the ever-changing panorama of shoppers—all these had become to Breezy the breath of life, and he sighed for them longingly ere the evenings were over. He had a printing press, and he set type as a means of diversion—all matter concerning the grocery store.

He set up a card and embodied in it an idea that he had conceived. He printed five hundred of them—all the cardboard he had. They were invitations to the public to have any and all sorts of fruit delivered at their homes at any time by telephone orders. He laid one on Mr. Leslie's desk the next morning.

"Thompson," Breezy heard Leslie call shortly afterwards to the superintendent. "This is a good idea. How many did you have printed?"

Thompson grew red. "I didn't have any printed," he replied in surprise. Leslie frowned, and called his partner, who also professed ignorance. Breezy watched them from behind the register, and then ventured forward.

"I printed them on my own press. Here are five hundred more."

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Leslie looked again at the card, and then raised his eyebrows at Thompson, who nodded in return, seemingly signifying that this was the man mentioned in some previous conversation.

"You may hand in your bill for them to the book-keeper," said Leslie to Breezy evenly, "and Thompson, you may have them properly distributed."

Besides being paid for his cards, there was an extra half-crown in his weekly pay envelope that Saturday. He promptly bought a seat in the theatre.

They found him the next week at the telephone, calling up all private residences that happened to be on the wire. "Is that Mrs. Jones?" he would ask. "Pardon me, Mrs. Jones; this is Leslie's. We would like to sell you some groceries." And then he would enter into a conversation for an order. The other people on the wire were indignant, and the exchange told him that he was not the only person on the telephone. But in less than an hour Breezy had orders amounting to £10, and Leslie himself closed Thompson's mouth of wrath at neglected customers by a word of commendation.

The firm's telephone trade had never been worked up, and Breezy printed announcements inviting customers to use the 'phone to send their orders. A telephone was placed behind the fruit counter, and Breezy took the orders. Nay, he did more. "You're going to bake, aren't you?" he asked of the housewives when they ordered flour, lard, etc. "Isn't your baking-powder all gone? Don't you need some fresh lard? We've got some prime stuff here. The best in the market." And so on.

"Here, Mr. Thompson," he called to the superintendent as he passed one day: "who makes these cards?"

"Tommy, the shipping clerk," replied Thompson shortly.

"I have just thought," said Breezy reflectively, "that I might make a nicer one for this counter. May I try one?"

"Yes, but don't neglect your counter."

Breezy had just received a large quantity of splendid figs that morning which were selling at a low price. But the firm had not even given him price cards to put on them, and had not mentioned them in the newspaper advertisements. "How the blazes do they expect to sell these?" he grumbled; "nobody knows anything about them."

When, therefore, he had surprised the busy shipping clerk by asking for the card-marking tools, and had made a few simple price cards for other goods, it occurred to him that he might as well make a fig sign. It was prettily lettered, and it read: "These figs are good, clean figs, and you won't be able to buy them for very many days." The other men leered at him when he put it over his figs, rearranging the boxes artistically on the counter.

The other men leered at him when he put it over his figs.

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Thompson stood before it for full two minutes before he decided to let it pass.

Thompson didn't happen to be about any more that day, but in the evening Breezy sought him out. The figs were all gone.

"H'm," said the superintendent, "You must have had an extra run on figs to-day."

Over the new supply that he received the next morning, the assistants read from another card: "More good, clean figs at this price. They'll only last through the day though." It seemed as if everybody that came into the shop that day bought figs. Thompson came to the fruit counter out of curiosity, attracted by the crowd there, which Breezy was waiting upon with a satisfied and dexterous alacrity. He elevated his eyebrows at the sign.

"Who made that sign?" he asked, when the crowd had cleared off.

"Me," said Breezy, in a bustle at the cash register.

"H'm, h'm," said the superintendent, strolling off.

The next day it was raisins at a bargain, and Breezy's sign said: "We have bought fifty boxes of these seedless raisins, and we are going to sell them cheap until they are all gone."

"There isn't any lie in that," reflected Breezy, as he read it. "I saw the fifty boxes myself."

"How many boxes of those seedless raisins went out to-day?" asked Thompson that evening looking sourly at the sign. "I'm afraid they won't go very well."

"Twenty-five," answered Breezy.

"What!" said Thompson, staring over his spectacles.

"Twenty-five," repeated Breezy.

"H'm, *h'm*," said the superintendent, walking rapidly off.

The other twenty-five went the next day. "Could have sold more," said Breezy.

"H'm," said Thompson slowly, and, after a minute, "those signs are neatly lettered."

Breezy was vigorously cleaning up.

"You may use the slack hours," continued Thompson cautiously, "by making the signs for the whole shop. We'll get an assistant

He had been particularly proud of this effort, and had stood behind his register a dozen different times during the day to watch people stare and break into laughter.

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The tubs were all delivered in the afternoon.

at your counter. Breezy was kicking some boxes under his counter.

"D'ye hear?" said Thompson.

"Yes, sir," said Breezy.

For the next six weeks the customers at Leslie's enjoyed daily treats from the signs. There were no fewer than fifty to be made on busy days. The language was simple; it told the truth about the goods, it never disappointed, and quite often there was a bit of Breezy's humour in it. After a few weeks Breezy acquired a literary facetiousness. The fat superintendent frowned at his efforts and looked as if he half regretted his venture.

"The old guy," mused Breezy, one day, as he saw Thompson deliberately tear one of them up. It was an egg sign, and read: "If you wait until to-morrow to buy these eggs at nineteen a shilling they may not be as good as they are to-day!" Promptly Breezy had another one up which read: "It's throwing these eggs at you to sell them for nineteen a shilling. They're not bad, though."

Thompson stood before it for full two minutes before he decided to let it pass, and then walked away, murmuring, "H'm, h'm."

But Breezy, ran to extremes, and one day, when Leslie paused before a cheese sign and read: "Hold your nose here. It only takes the assistant two minutes by the clock to wrap up half a pound at 1s. 3d.," he decided that he would draw a limit, and he told Breezy to take it down, which he did with a rather crestfallen air. He had been particularly proud of this effort, and had stood behind his register a dozen different times during the day, to watch customers stare and break out into laughter. A week later they made him take another one down, and Mr. Leslie called him aside.

"Don't try to be so funny on your cards," he frowned. "You make nice cards when you stick to fact, but when you get humorous you make a fool of yourself."

Breezy grunted ungracious acquiescence, while the corners of the grocer's mouth twitched at the recollection of some of the week's cards. But they continued to be as flagrant as ever. Thompson complained to Leslie about it, and the proprietor sat for a few moments in deep thought.

"That boy's got too much vitality," he said, "and we'll have to give him another outlet for it. Making cards and answering the telephone isn't enough for him to do. I think that I will put Morris at the telephone, and let Smith do our important outside business in the country." The change was accordingly made, and Breezy became a sort of confidential clerk, doing most of the firm's business with the banks and the town offices. Characteristically he allowed no opportunity to escape learning the firm's manner of doing business and its needs. He was not chary with suggestions, either, and was told by the firm more than once that his advice had not been asked, and that it was therefore not very valuable. This logic Breezy utterly failed to comprehend.

His old friends smiled as he dashed by them daily on his bicycle, his hat crushed on to his head, and his face almost on the handle bars.

The firm sent him to the newspaper offices to take advertising copy. The advertisements which he carried he criticised freely on the road to town. Most of his criticisms were of a decidedly adverse nature, and his opinion of the man who wrote them, the head of the firm, grew more and more contemptuous. He had learned some shrewd lessons in advertising by his card making.

One morning they sent him to a wholesale firm with an order for twenty tubs of butter.

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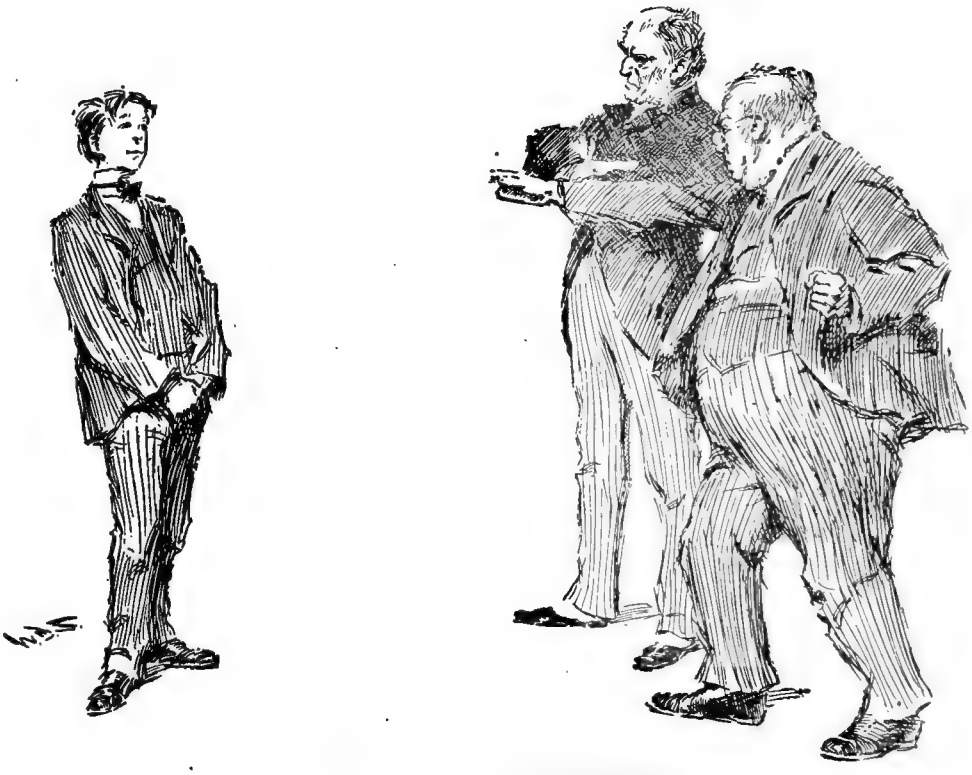

"I told you twenty!" roared Thompson.

With the order they gave him copy to take to all the morning papers, making commonplace and altogether unattractive mention—thought Breezy—of a proposed special sale of these twenty tubs of butter.

"That's the weakest thing yet," he soliloquised, as he sped down the empty road. "Butter'll go up three halfpence a pound one of these days."

As he stood in the office of the dairy company, he heard a man say something confidentially to the manager and a customer that made him wink hard. It was that butter would go up in a few days. The customer did not seem to take it seriously, but Breezy construed it into a mighty tip.

"Just what I thought," he said to himself. "That slow firm buying only twenty tubs!" It occurred to him that he might telephone to the firm and give them the tip; but he immediately rejected the idea.

"They'd only laugh and tell me that I wasn't running their business."

Then was born a great idea. An instant later he was decided. The manager whistled when Breezy handed him an order for a hundred tubs.

"It'll take all we have," he said.

Breezy made his way to the newspaper office, sat down at a desk and wrote something; the clerk looked at him in surprise as he gave directions about border and type.

The tubs were all delivered in the afternoon. Thompson came out in the warehouse and looked at the first batch of twenty.

"*I* wouldn't have ordered twenty!" he said, shaking his head. "I told Jim they wouldn't sell."

He wasn't in when the rest came.

"Are they turning the shop into a butter-house?" said the clerk, grumbling, as he helped the men bring them in.

"Great Heavens!" ejaculated Thompson the next morning when he came into the warehouse. "Where does all this butter come from?"

The shipping clerk looked unintelligent, and made no answer. Thompson brought in the head of the firm, Mr. Leslie. He, in turn, stared dumbly at the tiers of tubs.

"What the——," he began excitedly, "I told you to order twenty, didn't I?"

"You advised me not to buy *more*," said Thompson stiffly, "and I didn't."

"Can't you count?" exclaimed Leslie

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wrathfully, and pointing to the tubs. "There's a hundred there, if there's one."

When Breezy was finally called in, he faced both men easily.

"How many tubs of butter did you order?" asked Leslie.

"One hundred."

"I told you twenty!" roared Thompson.

Leslie did not answer, but made for the telephone. The dairy people firmly refused to take back the tubs.

"We've just refilled our refrigerators, and can't accommodate any more," they said. But they added something more in a telephone whisper.

"Mr. Leslie," said Breezy, when the proprietor rang off, without any visible allayment of his wrath, "I was ordered to get only twenty, but I made it a hundred, and——"

"You did, did you?" burst out Leslie, glaring at Breezy with unutterable derision. "You'll be advertising yourself as proprietor of this shop shortly, won't you?"

"But, Mr. Leslie," protested Breezy, "butter's going up in a few days!"

"Look here!" roared Leslie, "are—are you running this firm, you—you impudent young fool? I've a notion to break your—head!"

Breezy flushed angrily.

"Go out and draw your salary, and never set foot here again!"

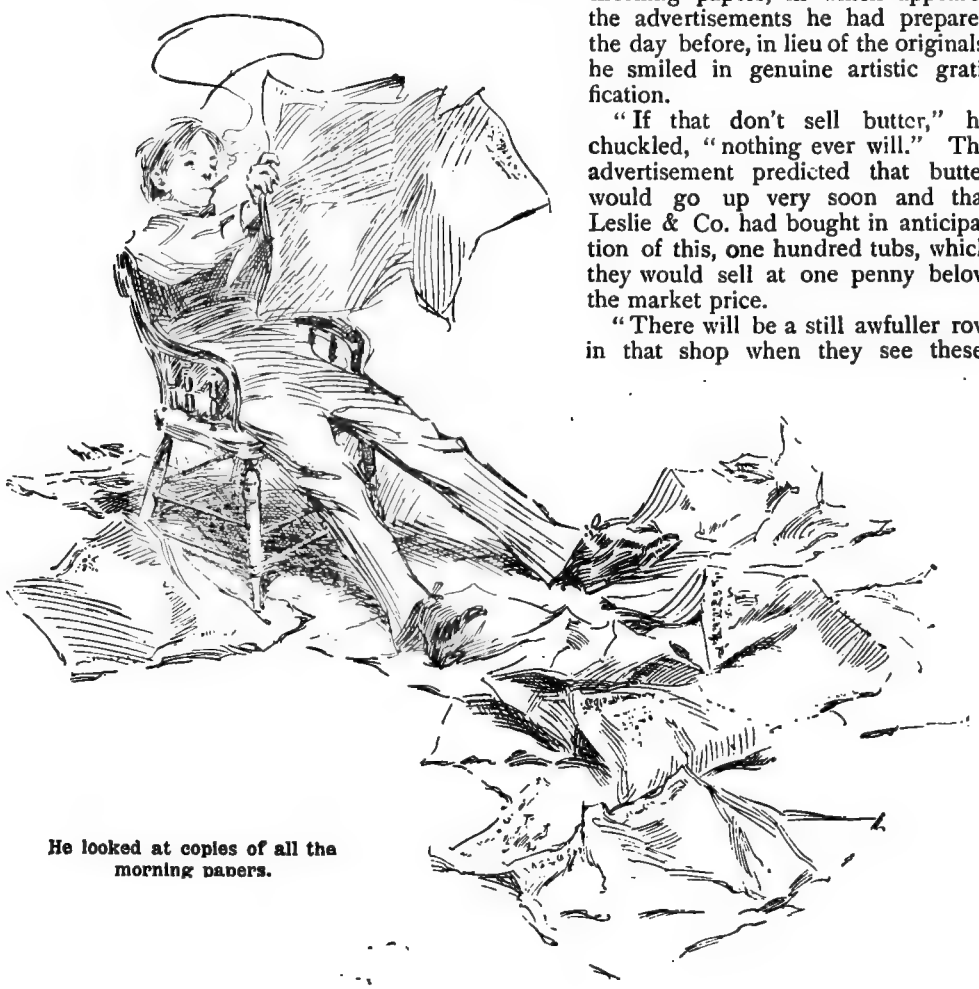
Breezy turned on his heel and walked out, without looking at the assistants who had assembled at the warehouse door, attracted by the loud voices.

"Fools! fools!" he muttered between his teeth, as he rode his bicycle along the street.

When he looked at copies of all the morning papers, in which appeared the advertisements he had prepared the day before, in lieu of the originals, he smiled in genuine artistic gratification.

"If that don't sell butter," he chuckled, "nothing ever will." The advertisement predicted that butter would go up very soon and that Leslie & Co. had bought in anticipation of this, one hundred tubs, which they would sell at one penny below the market price.

"There will be a still awfuller row in that shop when they see these.



He looked at copies of all the morning papers.

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They might arrest me." But the spirit of Breezy rose hopefully to the possibility. "If they only wait till to-night."

He learnt afterwards that the shop was crowded with butter buyers from early morning until late in the afternoon, and that the advertisements of the shop had precipitated the coming rise in price, and an advance of a halfpenny was already asked that same day.

It was during the afternoon of the next day that Breezy received a note asking him to call at the office of the grocery firm of Leslie & Co.

"Look here, young man," said Leslie to him in his private office, "what you did on Tuesday was a thing that could have put you behind prison bars. Do you understand?"

Privately Breezy was sceptical, but he nodded doggedly, thinking that Leslie merely wished to abuse him, and regretting that he had come at all.

"It was pure malicious mischief in the eyes of the law," continued Leslie, "and an entirely unpardonable offence, But while this is undoubtedly so——" he talked more moderately and less harshly, "it—well, to be frank, those ads.——" The remembrance of this part of Breezy's misdemeanour swelled his indignation, and he was again angry. "Those ads.," he continued, "that you did for us—well, it was worth six months hard itself!" He glared impotently, while he got red in the face.

"Well," he began again, "as I was saying, those ads.—er—well, they drew the trade, in brief, and we sold the whole hundred tubs!" He said this as though it was little short of miraculous. Breezy did not wink an eye. To him it was the natural result.

As Breezy still held his peace, Leslie resumed: "As a result we are—er—have cleared, well, some seventy pounds."

Breezy still remained silent, and Leslie put on a pompous frown.

"Understand, young man," he declaimed, "in giving you the position of superintendent and advertising manager of this establishment, we most certainly wish to express our vehement displeasure at your act of Tuesday, lucky as it happened to turn out, and solemnly warn you that a repetition of such a monstrous offence will mean instant discharge. To hold this position, you will have to confine yourself to reasonable and cautious methods of doing business. Your salary will be three times your former one. Get out now, and don't bother me, but turn up ready for work on Monday morning."

The only evidence Breezy gave of his satisfaction with this interview was that he rode madly up the full length of the steepest hill on his way home to rid himself of surplus energy.

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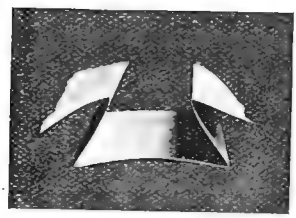


PAPER MAGIC

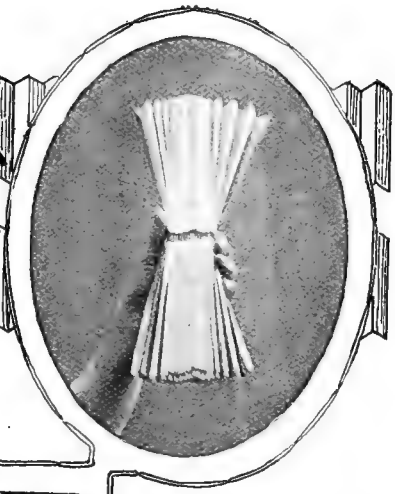


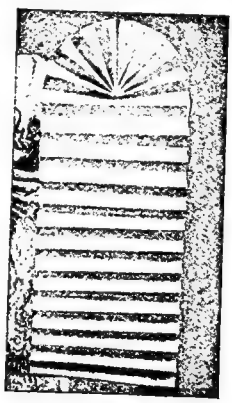
Fig. 1.—Take a piece of cartridge paper and fold it into three parts, the two outside folds being doubled back, thus dividing the paper into five sections, the outer ones (four in number) of 6ins., the middle one of 12ins. The next step is to pleat the paper longitudinally, the pleats being of an inch in width. The whole width of the paper is 36ins. However, we strongly advise our readers to buy their papers ready folded, as these are much more satisfactory.

A Short Description of a Novel Entertainment for All and Sundry.

By C. Lang Neil.

Fig. 2.—This is the bought paper, ready folded, the pleats compressed, for the first series of studies.

"What can I do to entertain my guests?" How often do we hear that cry—the complaint of the harassed hostess at her wits' end for a new entertainment—something fresh and not worn out with which to amuse her guests? Now here is one which may be safely recommended—bright and entertaining, and, from the point of view of the entertainer, at least, absolutely new.



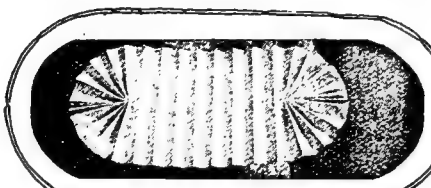


Fig. 3.—Allow the pleats to relax and gather together two corners of one end. Hold the paper vertically and you have a "Norman Window."

Fig. 4.—Draw the two corners of each end together respectively, hold the paper horizontally and you make a capital "Table Mat."

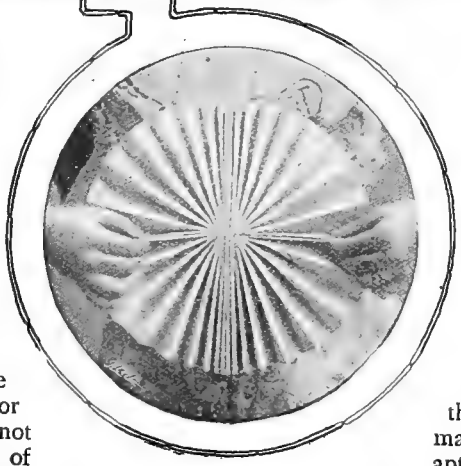


Fig. 5.—Holding paper as in Fig. 4, compress it, and you observe a "Rosette."

The art of utilising folded paper is really very old, having been practised many years ago by the Chinese and other Easterns for several purposes, and, not the least, as a means of illumination; for the Chinese lantern of folded paper, pretty in design, bright and fresh in colour, withal collapsible—thus rendering it easy of carriage—is still very popular to-day. Again we find folded paper used in the making of the bellows of cameras, concertinas, and accordions, although of late years a stiff form of leather has been substituted in the place of paper.

In the interesting entertainment which this article illustrates, the medium is usually a good thick cartridge paper, strong enough to stand being folded again and again, and yet not too stiff. The folding is fairly simple in itself, but owing to the great exactness required and the considerable pressure that has to be used in making the many folds, is apt to be rather troublesome. Hence, we should certainly recommend the

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beginner to purchase his paper ready folded for use, and, for this purpose, really excellent paper can be procured for a moderate sum at Hamley's, in Holborn and elsewhere.

The paper, it will be noticed, can be used in several forms—that is to say, with one, two, or three folds open, each fold providing an almost endless variety of subjects to choose from. The beginner should thoroughly acquaint himself with the paper in all its forms, and then have a try at some of the studies depicted here, using the paper with all the folds shut at first. Even in this form there are some pretty studies to be made which are quite simple and very easily picked up, such as a church window, made by gathering two of the ends together, and holding the paper vertically upwards, or a rosette, in which the four corners are gathered together, and the whole paper compressed like a concertina. With the various folds open, another variety of subjects may easily be made, such as a mushroom or a Welsh girl's hat, a baby's bath or a sentinel box. The subjects are innumerable in their variety and in their absorbing interest, and a never-failing resource for a wet day.

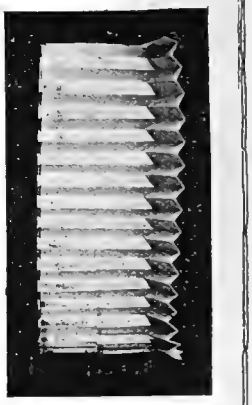

Fig. 6.—For the next series of figures open one fold.

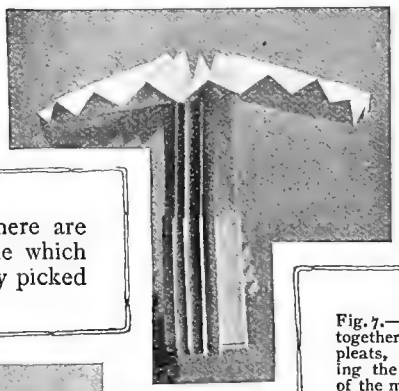

Fig. 7.—Press together the pleats, holding the ends of the middle fold together. This will allow the pleats of the open fold to form the top of the "Mushroom."

Fig. 8.—Press together the pleats, pull the corners of the open fold round to each side until they reach the ends of the 12in. side. Hold it to your shoulder and you will have a gigantic "Epaulette."

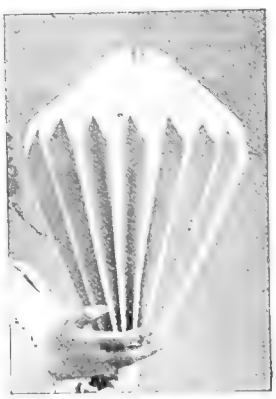

Fig. 9.—Leave the fold open and squeeze the extreme ends together, leaving the pleats in the middle fairly open. Thus you will get a very passable "Street Lamp."

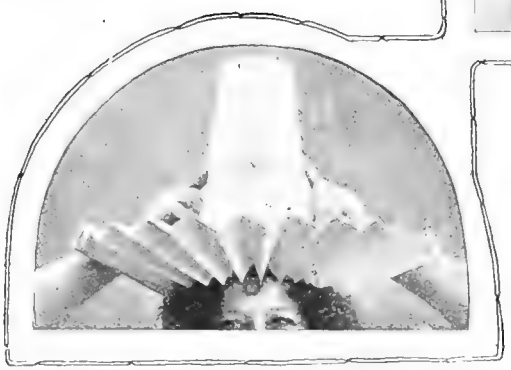

Fig. 10.—Reverse the "Mushroom" (Fig. 7) and you have a "Welsh Girl's Hat."

After a little practice, the manipulation of the paper will become quite easy, and the more you try the more subjects you will be able to make out of the magic paper.

As in other entertainments, such as chapeaugraphy and the throwing of shadows upon a screen, a show must not be given until the performer can not only make as many and perfect studies as possible, but can do them quickly and dexterously. The name of the subject should be given and

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then, instantaneously, the paper must be manipulated to form that subject, as little time as possible being spent in the process.

Leave your subject in position for a few seconds then quickly release the paper, letting it fall to its normal aspect, whether with one or two folds open or all the sides folded. You may then proceed similarly with the next subject. Before giving the entertainment, open all the folds of the paper and hand it round amongst the audience to show the simplicity of it. This class of entertainment is suited to all, whatever their age or rank, requiring as it does no paraphernalia, no trouble, but only a little ingenuity and careful practice. Everyone who takes up the art of paper folding is instantly fascinated by it, and spends hours in seeking a new study or working out fresh subjects—an excellent way of killing time on an idle or wet afternoon. Try it, and you'll agree with me.

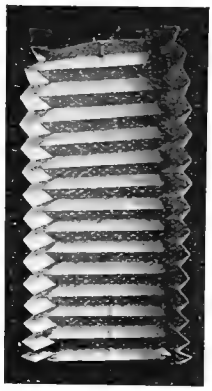


Fig. 11.—Open out another fold for the next series of representations.

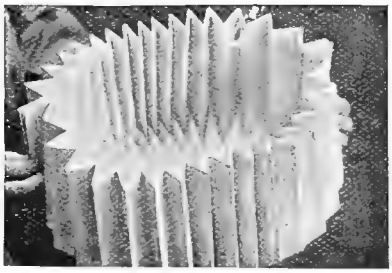


Fig. 12.—Draw the two ends together for a "Bowl."

Fig. 13.—Hold Fig. 12 vertically and let loose one end. You have a "Sentry Box."

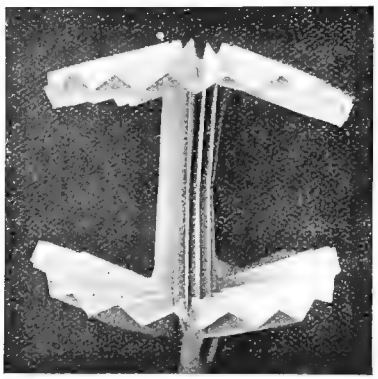


Fig. 16.—The "Bowl" (Fig. 12) drawn outwards makes a small "Baby's Bath." These are but a few of the many interesting studies which can be made with this magic paper. You have only to experiment with the paper in order to discover innumerable other

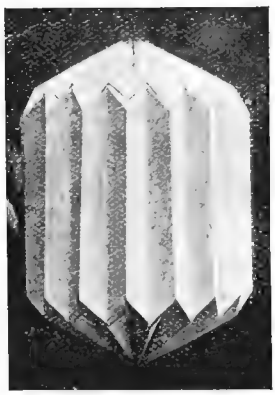
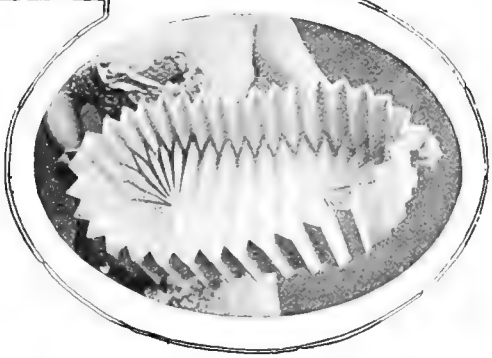


Fig. 15.—Make the sides of the whole paper meet to form a "Chinese Lantern."

Fig. 14.—With two folds open press together the pleats in the 12in. section, folding the paper till the ends of the open folds meet. You have a "Pair of Wheels."



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A Tennis Idyll

I played a single 'gainst my love;
And on the set, she made a vow,
Her "Yes" or "No" would all depend;
Five to her none I'd won and now—
Deuce was the score.

"Don't think you've won!" she gaily cried,
"I'll not so easily be wed."
One fault I served and then again,
A double! while the score now read—
Advantage out!

Triumphant, flushed, she slyly mocked,
"This point I'll win and still be free."
My next serve she sent spinning out,
While I breathed once again to see—
'Twas deuce—not game.

"A love set you *must* win," she cried,
"This game I'll have,"—but I had scored
Another point, just o'er the net;
And, while she raved, I fairly roared—
Advantage in!

But now she played my next serve well,
Two hard returns—and then she skied;
Hard down I hit, and won the point
And set, whose prize sat down and sighed,
"Love-set—I'm yours."

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The Greystone Ghosts

A Ping-Pong Mystery.

By

A. Demain Grange.

PERSONS INVOLVED.

Squire Holcroft	A country gentleman.
Jack	His son.
Anne	His wife.
Elsie	Engaged to Jack.
Dawson	A manservant.
Stebbings... ...	A maidservant.

Scene: The Library, Greystone Priory.

Time: Evening.

The scene represents the interior of a large double room furnished as a library. A wide arch at back leads into the inner division of the room, the floor of which is on a slightly higher level than that of the outer half. Through this arch is seen a table set out for the game of ping-pong. Two chairs near, with cardboard boxes containing ping-pong balls. A window, with curtains drawn. A brass rod with light curtains (practicable) across arch. (N.B.—These curtains should be of some thin material, through which the shadows of the nocturnal players can be distinctly seen.)

In the outer-room—a wide, old-fashioned fireplace on the right, with high, carved oak over-mantel; antique "dogs," fire-irons, etc. A deep, high-backed armchair drawn up by fire. A table, in the right centre, with two chairs. A sofa set obliquely in the left centre, with old-fashioned work-table standing near. Tall "pedestal" lamp with yellow shade up near arch. Doors on the right and left. A screen between armchair and door on the right, a short pair of steps standing by book-shelves. Pictures, old armour, etc., on walls. The curtains in the centre are drawn, showing the interior of the second room. Both rooms are brilliantly lighted.

(Jack and Elsie are discovered playing ping-pong in the inner room. They are both in evening dress, and are deeply engrossed in the game. Squire Holcroft, a genial, white-haired old gentlemen, also in evening dress, is seated in the armchair in front of the fire, dozing over a newspaper. His wife, Anne, a prim, old-fashioned dame, severely gowned in black, is sitting on the sofa, engaged upon some fine embroidery. As the curtain rises a clock in the distance chimes the half-hour.)

Anne *(looking up from her work)*. Dear, dear! That must be half-past ten striking. Tom!

Holcroft *(waking suddenly)*. Yes, my love!

Anne. Do you hear that?

Holcroft. Humph! The only thing I can hear are those confound—— Humph—I beg your pardon, Anne!—those infernal——

Anne. Tom!

Holcroft *(hastily)*. Eternal, Anne, eternal! Those *eternal* ping-pong balls.

Anne. I was alluding to the lateness of the hour, Tom. It has just struck half-past ten.

Holcroft *(looking at his watch)*. Egad! so it has, Anne, so it has. How time does fly to be sure!

Anne *(smiling)*. Yes, particularly when one is asleep.

Holcroft *(indignantly)*. Asleep! You thought I was asleep, eh?

Anne *(quietly)*. I did not *think* so, Tom. I was sure of it.

Holcroft. Eh—what, what? Asleep—fiddlesticks! Not much chance of sleeping with that con—— *(Anne holds up a warning finger)*. Humph! with that *perpetual* noise going on.

Anne. Now, Tom, do not be angry. I was not reproaching you. It is quite right that you should endeavour to obtain a little rest when you can. You did

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not get much sleep last night, I am afraid!

HOLCROFT. No, nor the night before! 'Pon my word, it is too bad, Anne—it really is! After all these years to have *that* cropping up again.

ANNE (*glancing towards the inner room*). Hush, dear! I would not let the young folk hear of it. It would only alarm them unnecessarily.

HOLCROFT (*lowering his voice*). Quite right, Anne, quite right! We must keep it to ourselves—as long as possible, eh?

ANNE. It is very annoying, Tom.

HOLCROFT. Plaguey annoying, Anne!

ANNE. And if it continues much longer, we are sure to have trouble with the servants.

HOLCROFT. Humph! Why that rascally old ancestor of ours cannot meet his lady-love at a more respectable hour, is what I should like to know. And he a monk, too! It is most un-ecclesiastical, to say the least of it.

ANNE. Surely, Tom, you do not believe in all that nonsense?

HOLCROFT (*quickly*). Certainly not, my love, certainly not. The idea is preposterous, of course. Still, the performance of last night was singularly accurate in all the legendary details. The creaking door—the mysterious footsteps——

ANNE. Perhaps after all it was only the wind in the wainscotting.

HOLCROFT. Humph! The wind can play strange tricks, it is true; but it could hardly play ping-pong!

ANNE. No, that is the most extraordinary part of it. Dear me! this terrible game has quite fascinated everybody—our family spectre included.

HOLCROFT. Humph! I do not see anything very *fascinating* about it. To my thinking it is absolutely idiotic, and an intolerable nuisance to boot!

ANNE. Indeed, yes! Even the servants have caught the infection. They are perfectly crazy over it, and it is all I can do to get them to attend properly to their work. Why, only this morning I caught Stebbings and Dawson playing in the servants' hall.

HOLCROFT. Playing ping-pong, eh?

ANNE. Yes. They are the worst! (*They regard one another thoughtfully for a few seconds.*)

HOLCROFT (*impressively*). Anne, if these strange noises occur again to-night I shall investigate.

ANNE. I certainly think it would be very wise, Tom. (*By this time* ELSIE *and* JACK *have finished their game.* ELSIE *throws down her racquet and comes quickly down the centre.*)

ELSIE. Hurrah! I have beaten him, Mrs. Holcroft.

ANNE. Have you, dear? (*Makes room for her on the sofa.*)

ELSIE. Yes—easily! He only got two games. (*Sits on sofa.*)

JACK (*coming down*). But then, you see, I had the light in my eyes all the time.

HOLCROFT. Come, come, sir! No excuses. Take your beating like a man.

JACK (*laughing*). You are quite right, guv'nor. I was a bit wild at losing the game. (*Comes to side of arm chair, where he stands watching* ELSIE).

HOLCROFT. Tut, tut! That is just like a Holcroft. We never could take a licking decently.

ELSIE. After all, it must be rather trying to have a light in one's eyes.

ANNE (*taking* ELSIE'S *hands between her own*). Then you must be sorely tried to-night, dear. Your eyes are like two bright stars. (*Kisses her fondly.*)

JACK. Hear! hear! (*Leans over the back of the arm chair.*)

ELSIE (*aside to* ANNE). Then it is because I am so very happy. (*They converse.*)

HOLCROFT. You leave for London to-morrow, Jack?

JACK. Yes, guv'nor.

HOLCROFT. Going to do big things, eh?

JACK. I hope so, sir.

HOLCROFT. So do I, lad, so do I. It is a rough and tumble place—that world of London. Some swim—some go under. But remember this, Jack, there are many ways of winning the world's praise—aye, and its favours, too—but there is only one way of winning its *respect*. Always do the straight thing, Jack, and shame the—— (*Anne coughs warningly.*) Humph! Leave the dirty work to others.

JACK (*laying his hand on Holcroft's shoulder*). I will never do anything you need be ashamed of, guv'nor.

HOLCROFT (*patting Jack's hand affectionately*). I know it, my boy, I know it! There, there! I have had my say, and now I think I will take myself off to bed. It is the best place for old fogies like me, eh?

(*Elsie and Anne rise.*)

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JACK (*concernedly*). You look a little fagged to-night, guv'nor.

HOLCROFT (*evasively*). Tol, lol! We are not as young as we used to be, Jack. It is a long road from twenty-one to sixty. And it tells, Jack, it tells!

JACK. Poor old guv'nor. (*Assists him to rise.*)

(*Enter Stebbings quickly from door on the left.*)

STEBBINGS. Did you ring, ma'am?

ANNE. No, Stebbings.

STEBBINGS. Beg pardon, ma'am. I thought I heard the drawing-room bell, but when I went to answer it I found nobody there.

ANNE. Indeed. Did you look at the indicator, Stebbings?

STEBBINGS. Yes, ma'am, but there was no change in it.

HOLCROFT (*sharply*). Then how did you know it was the drawing-room bell?

STEBBINGS (*in some confusion*). It—it seemed to come from there, sir.

HOLCROFT. Humph! (*Exchanges a glance with Anne.*)

ANNE. Thank you, Stebbings. There must have been some mistake.

STEBBINGS. Yes, ma'am. (*Crosses and goes out through door on the right.*)

ANNE. It is very strange.

ELSIE. Yes, isn't it?

JACK. Oh, I daresay it was only Stebbings' imagination after all. (*Goes over and speaks with Elsie.*)

ANNE (*coming to the centre*). Tom, something must be done.

HOLCROFT. I quite agree with you, my dear. Something must be done, and, confound it! if——

ANNE. Tom!

HOLCROFT. Humph! I beg your pardon, Anne. I was merely about to say that I had a plan——

ANNE (*quickly*). Not now, Tom. Wait until we get upstairs. (*Turning.*) Well, are you two young people ready for bed?

(*Elsie and Jack glance at one another hesitatingly.*)

JACK. May we not stay just a little longer, mater? We—we want to play off the final, you know.

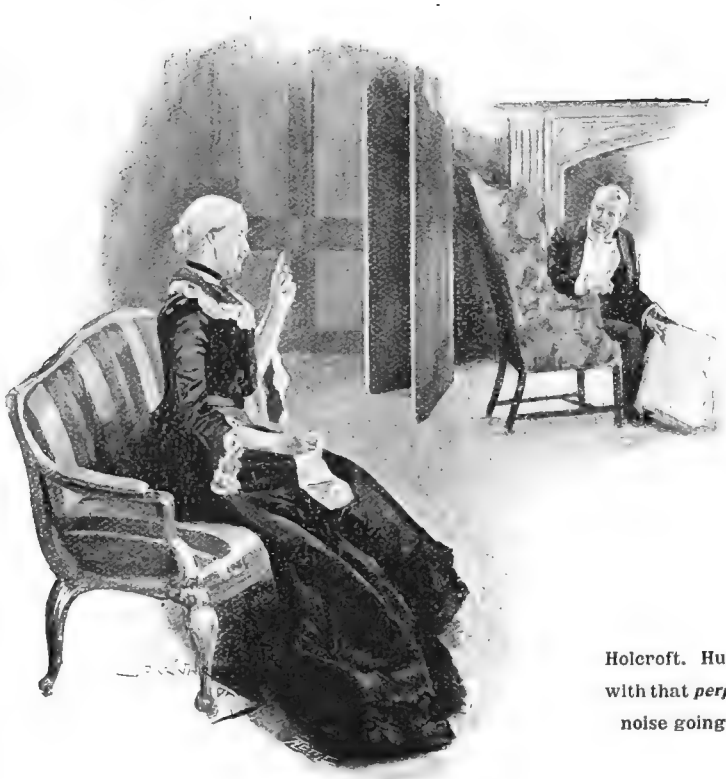
ANNE. Really——

HOLCROFT (*quickly*). Of course, Anne, of course! They must play off the final. It would never do for them to miss that. The final is the best part of the game, eh?

JACK. Decidedly. (*Goes up to door L.*)

ANNE. Very well then! But only a quarter of an hour. I will wait for you in the dining-room, Elsie. Mind, only a quarter of an hour! (*Goes up and speaks with Jack, who holds the door open for her.*)

HOLCROFT (*to Elsie*). Good night, little girl. (*Kisses her.*)



Holcroft. Humph! with that *perpetual* noise going on.

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ELSIE. Good night, Mr. Holcroft. I hope you will have a good night's rest.

HOLCROFT. Thank you, my dear. I trust you, too, will sleep well. No laying awake and thinking of all the nonsense that wonderful son of mine has been telling you, eh?

ELSIE (*laughing*). Oh, no! I shall sleep sound enough!

HOLCROFT. Aye, that you will, I warrant—that you will! (*Goes up and follows Anne out through door on the left.*)

(*Dawson enters at door on the right and proceeds to turn down the lamp. Elsie goes towards the table and picks up the newspaper.*)

JACK. You need not put out the lights yet, Dawson.

DAWSON. Not put out the lights, sir?

JACK. Not yet, Dawson. We shall want them a little longer to-night.

DAWSON. Very good, sir.

(*Turns the lamp up again and then goes out on the left as Jack goes into inner room and collects ping-pong balls. Elsie glances over her shoulder and then runs lightly across to a step-ladder, quickly mounting to the top step where she sits pretending to be deeply absorbed in the newspaper.*)

JACK (*in inner room*). Elsie! I say, Elsie! (*Coming down with a box of ping-pong balls in his hand.*) Where on earth—— Oh, there you are!

ELSIE (*putting down newspaper*). Yes, here I am!

JACK. What are you doing up there?

ELSIE. Nothing. That is, nothing in particular.

JACK. Then stop doing nothing in particular and come and play ping-pong.

ELSIE. Shan't!

JACK. I give you fair warning. (*Takes up one of the balls from box.*)

ELSIE. Shan't—shan't—shan't!

JACK. Look out then! (*Proceeds to pelt her with the balls. Elsie shields herself with the newspaper.*)

ELSIE (*holding her handkerchief above the newspaper*). I surrender! I surrender!

JACK. Come down, then.

ELSIE (*lowering newspaper*). Are you so *very* anxious to play ping-pong?

JACK. Not *very!*

ELSIE. Sure?

JACK. Yes—quite! As a matter of fact, I don't feel quite up to it.

ELSIE. Then I will come *down*. (*She descends. Jack assists her.*)

JACK. Latest intelligence — gallant night attack — successful storming of a kopje —

ELSIE. *One* prisoner taken!

JACK. After a long and desperate struggle—

ELSIE. In which both sides fought with great pluck and determination —

JACK. Until the supply of bullets ran short —

ELSIE. Seeing which the enemy magnanimously surrendered —

JACK. And was accorded an enthusiastic reception upon her arrival within the British lines. (*Takes her in his arms and kisses her.*)

ELSIE. All of which means that, as usual, you have succeeded in getting your own way. (*Comes round to front of sofa.*)

JACK. Never mind, sweetheart, you shall have *your* way when we are married.

ELSIE. Oh, yes! that is just what men always say! And we women are silly enough to believe they mean it. (*Sits on sofa.*)

JACK. Well, you generally do take us at our word, don't you? (*Comes to back of sofa.*)

ELSIE. I—I suppose we do.

JACK. On the principle that one man's word is as good as another's?

ELSIE (*turning to him*). No, Jack, on the principle that one man's word is *better* than all the others.

JACK. Darling! (*Attempts to kiss her: she leans back out of his reach.*)

ELSIE. No, sir, you have just had one.

JACK. That was *hours* ago.

ELSIE. Dear me, was it? Well, if you will promise to sit down and try to be serious for—for five more hours——

JACK. Five hours!

ELSIE (*innocently*). Is that asking too much?

JACK. I should rather think it was. Five hours, indeed!

ELSIE. Poor boy! Very well, say five minutes then——

JACK. Yes.

ELSIE (*demurely*). You—well, you may, Jack.

JACK. Done! (*Comes round and sits by her, a pause ensues.*)

ELSIE. Jack, don't you think that bell just now was rather funny?

JACK. Not having heard it——

ELSIE. Oh! Now you are trying to imitate it!

JACK. I am perfectly serious.

ELSIE. Then—seriously, Jack, what do you think of it?

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JACK. I think it is more than likely that it never rang at all.

ELSIE. But Stebbings heard it.

JACK. So she says.

ELSIE. She could not have been mistaken.

JACK. No? I regret that I have not such entire confidence in Stebbings' infallibility.

ELSIE. What do you mean, Jack? You surely do not think that she only *imagined* she heard it?

JACK. That is precisely what I do mean. I fear she, too, has been disturbed by our nocturnal visitor.

ELSIE. The monk!

JACK. Yes, Elsie. She must have heard those strange noises last night, and her nerves have been a trifle upset in consequence. That would account for her manner at breakfast this morning, and also satisfactorily explain her thinking she heard a bell.

ELSIE. Oh, Jack, is it not awful!

JACK. It was pretty lively last night. I only hope the guv'nor does not get to hear of it. It would worry the old man terribly.

ELSIE. Do you think he believes in ghosts — *really*, you know?

JACK. Between ourselves, Elsie, I think he does.

ELSIE. I think so, too, Jack, because yesterday when I asked him to tell me the legend of the Monk of Greystone, he seemed —well, quite angry and put out about it.

JACK. Poor old guv'nor! He is always giving himself away like that. It does so annoy the mater. (*Smiles reflectively.*)

ELSIE (*suddenly*). Jack, will you tell me the legend?

JACK (*uneasily*). Will I? Oh, don't be silly, Elsie. What earthly use can there be in repeating such nonsense? Let us talk about something more cheerful—that is, more interesting.

ELSIE. But what could be more interesting? I simply love creepy things!

JACK (*hastily*). Yes, yes, of course. But I do not think——

ELSIE. I think you believe it, too!

JACK. I? Certainly not.

ELSIE. Yes, you do, Jack. I know you do, because you are saying the very same thing that Mr. Holcroft did. Come, now, own up, sir! You are afraid.

JACK (*indignantly*). Afraid? Well, I do like that!

ELSIE. Then why won't you tell me, Jack?

JACK (*sententiously*). The proverbial curiosity of a woman!——

ELSIE. Is best cured by telling her what she wants to know. Please, Jack!

JACK. Very well, then. Many years ago—I think it was in John's time—

Elsie. Are you *very* anxious to play ping-pong?

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or was it in the reign of Henry the Third——

ELSIE (*impatiently*). Never mind about that, Jack. Do go on!

JACK. The Old Priory of Greystone—on the site of which the present building was erected in fifteen hundred and——

ELSIE. And something. Yes?

JACK. Was originally in the possession of the ancient religious Order of—of——"

ELSIE. Monks!

JACK. Er—precisely. Well, in thirteen hundred and ninety-seven or——

ELSIE. Or *thereabouts*.

JACK. One of the monks of Greystone, an ancestor of mine, in direct defiance of every——

ELSIE. Of everything.

JACK. Committed a great sin.

ELSIE. Oh! What did he do?

JACK. He fell in love with the daughter of a humble forester, whose cottage stood close to the Priory Gates.

ELSIE. I do not see anything so very dreadful in that!

JACK (*smiling*). No? But you forgot that he was a monk.

ELSIE. Poor man! What difference did that make?

JACK. A lot, as the event will show. He contrived somehow to meet the maiden secretly, and ultimately it was arranged that she should enter the Priory dressed in the garb of a monk.

ELSIE. Dressed in what, Jack?

JACK. In the garb of a monk.

ELSIE. Oh. I thought only Scotchmen wore *garbs*. But go on.

JACK. Well, this she succeeded in doing, and all went well until one fine day the Prior found him kissing her in the library. Then the whole thing came out.

ELSIE. That was very hard on them.

JACK. It was. Or rather, the Prior was. He had them securely bricked up in the wall, and there he left them to meditate upon the evil of their ways until they died of hunger.

ELSIE. What a brute!

JACK. And ever since then, on the stroke of midnight, their ghosts are said to come out and wander about hand in hand, looking for something to eat.

ELSIE. Poor things! How hungry they must be. Jack, I think that Prior was a beast.

JACK. He was severe, I admit. But then, consider the enormity of their crime.

ELSIE. I don't care—he was a beast!

JACK (*rising*). Very well, dear, if you think so, he was. And now I have told you the story, and as the five minutes are more than up, don't you think that I deserve my reward?

ELSIE. Yes, Jack, I—I think you have earned it.

JACK. Then, having earned it, I shall enjoy it all the more. (*Draws her to him and kisses her.*)

(*A loud noise is heard outside door on the left.*)

ELSIE (*breaking away*). Jack!

JACK. Confound it!

(*Enter Dawson L.*)

DAWSON (*innocently*). Beg pardon, sir, I thought ——

JACK. All right, Dawson, you can put out the lights now.

DAWSON. Yes, sir. (*Goes into the inner room and turns out the lights there.*)

JACK (*looking at his watch*). By Jove, we shall catch it!

ELSIE. And I promised to stay only a quarter of an hour. I must go at once. Good night, Jack.

JACK. Good night, darling. I shall see you before I leave to-morrow. (*Kisses her.*)

ELSIE. Of course you will, sweetheart.

JACK. I wish I wasn't going, old girl.

ELSIE. So do I, Jack. But there! London is only London after all! And I know it will some day be as proud of my boy as I am! (*Kisses him, and then runs up to door on the left.*)

JACK. Good night, little woman!

ELSIE. Good night, little man!

ELSIE (*She blows him a kiss from the tips of her fingers, and then goes out. Jack crosses slowly to fireplace. Stebbings enters from door on the right and crosses to the left centre, where she pushes back the sofa and takes up the work-table. Dawson comes out of the inner room, draws the curtains across the arch, and then comes down and picks up the ping-pong balls.*)

JACK (*thoughtfully*). London is only London after all. Dear girl! how truly she believes in me, how sure she is of my success. I only wish I were half so confident! Her faith makes failure seem all the more unbearable. Well, well, why should I fail? A stout heart and a cheerful courage will carry the hardest day. And London—yes, London is only London after all. (*Stands looking into the fire.*)

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STEBBINGS (*aside to Dawson as she passes him*). To-night, 'Enry?

DAWSON (*aside*). Yes, Jane.

STEBBINGS. Same hour?

DAWSON. Twelve—punctual.

STEBBINGS. All right, only don't do the groaning so loud this time. They might hear you. (*Runs up to door on the right, where she turns and blows him a kiss before going out.*)

DAWSON. Go along with you! (*Throws a ping-pong ball after her.*)

JACK (*turning*). Dawson.

DAWSON (*with alacrity*). Yes, sir.

JACK. See that my luggage is sent on to the station early to-morrow, and order the dog-cart to be round at nine sharp. I will drive myself. (*Goes up to door on the left.*)

DAWSON. Very good, sir.

JACK. Good-night.

DAWSON. Good-night, sir. (*Jack goes out. Dawson places the box of ping-pong balls inside the curtains, and then, after putting out the lamp, retires by door on the left. The stage is left in darkness, except where the fire casts a faint red glow over the hearth-rug. A pause ensues. Presently a sound is heard as of someone gently closing a door upstairs, shortly after which the door on the right is pushed open and Holcroft enters, clad in a long dressing-gown and old-fashioned night-cap. In one hand he carries an ancient blunderbuss, and in the other a lighted candle, which he holds high above his head as he advances slowly to the centre of the room.*

HOLCROFT (*looking round cautiously*). Humph! No sign of our worthy friend and his ghostly sweetheart as yet. It may be this is not one of their nights out. Well, well, so much the better—so much the better! (*Places the candle on table, and examines the priming of his gun.*) I do not at all relish the idea of sending a charge of small shot into the more sacred portion of my reverend ancestor's anatomy—even though the attention may cause him no appreciable inconvenience. It appears to me to savour too much of discourtesy, not to say a want of proper respect. And then he might naturally resent the intrusion, which would be deucedly awkward for me! Yes, yes, it is a ticklish business altogether, and I wish I were well out of it—I wish I were well out of it. (*Takes up the candle and goes over to arm chair, in which he sits after drawing the screen round.*) Humph! it must be near midnight now. His Ghostliness should be here soon, unless he means to disappoint the lady. (*Laughs nervously.*) Egad! I never thought of that! It would be confoundedly embarrassing if she turned up first. I could hardly be so ungallant as to send a charge of small shot into a lady's legs, if I could! (*Snuffs the candle and sits staring into the fire. After a short pause, the door is opened quietly and Jack enters, also clad in a dressing-gown, and carrying a lighted candle and a heavy walking-stick.*)

JACK (*aside*). I am certain I heard something moving about in here! (*Crosses slowly towards fireplace. Holcroft suddenly starts to his feet and presents his gun full at Jack, who starts back and raises his stick threateningly.*)

HOLCROFT (*excitedly*). Move an inch and I fire!

JACK (*lowering his stick*). Guv'nor!

HOLCROFT. Why, confound it, if it isn't Jack!

JACK (*turning the gun aside*). It won't be Jack long if that ancient weapon goes off!

HOLCROFT. Egad no! But what are you doing here, lad?

JACK. I might reasonably ask you the same question, sir.

HOLCROFT. Humph! Up to some monkey trick, I'll be bound!

JACK. You are not far wrong, guv'nor, only you should have said "monkish" instead of "monkey."

HOLCROFT. Monkish! Then you know, Jack?

JACK. On the contrary, it is because I *don't* know that I came down here to-night.

HOLCROFT. Humph! My case precisely.

JACK. Then suppose we see it through together?

HOLCROFT. Certainly, certainly, my boy. You and I together should be more than a match for a beggarly, half-starved Monk, eh?

JACK (*pointing to the gun*). Not to mention the family ordnance, Guv'nor. Hark! (*A clock is heard chiming the hour of twelve. Jack draws Holcroft behind the screen, and blows out the candle. As the last note dies away a door is heard to bang in the distance. This is followed by a loud creaking noise, and the sound of footsteps stealthily approaching. Suddenly the door on the left opens, and two*

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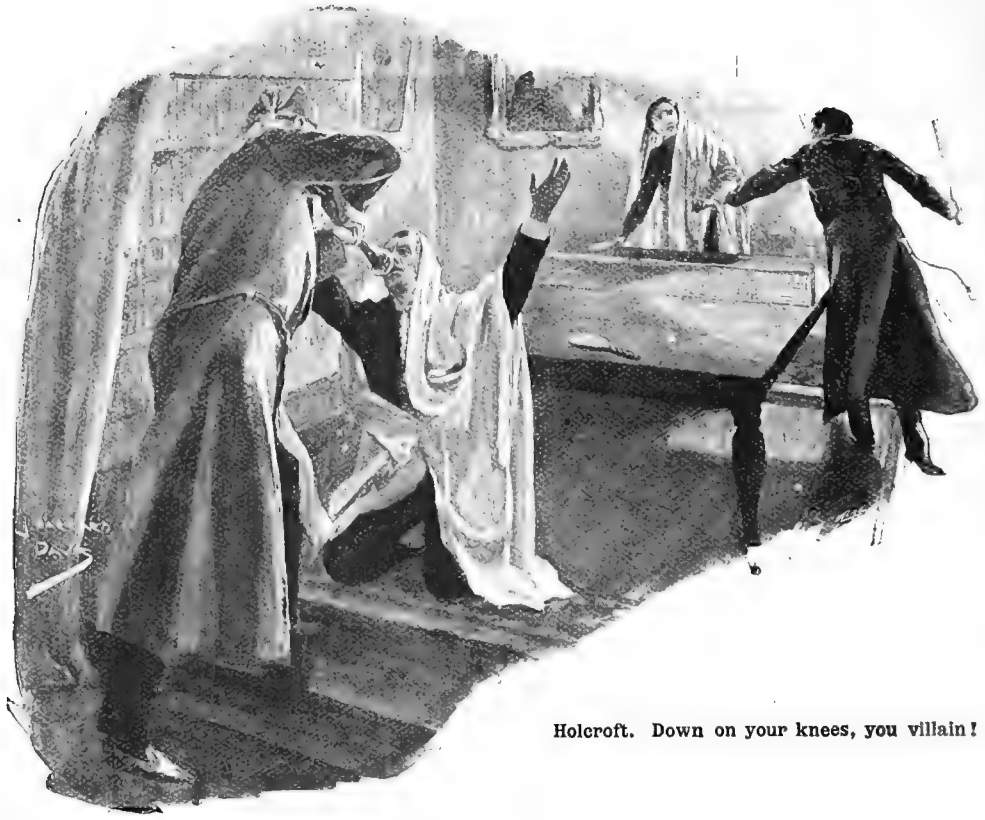

Holcroft. Down on your knees, you villain!

white muffled figures glide into the room. Holcroft raises his gun and is about to fire, when Jack stops him. One of the figures utters a deep groan, and then both disappear through the curtain C. swiftly.)

HOLCROFT. Tut, tut! (*In an excited whisper.*) I could have bagged him nicely!

JACK. Wait a bit, Guv'nor, let us see what they will do next. They cannot escape now. Listen!

(*Voices are heard whispering behind the curtains, followed by a low chuckle and the striking of a match. Immediately the lights in inner room are turned full on, throwing the shadows of the two cloaked figures on to the curtains. These are seen to move about, draw together, embrace one another, and finally to engage in a game of ping pong. Jack and Holcroft come from behind the screen and stand watching the shadows in astonishment.*)

HOLCROFT. Humph! Most extraordinary —most extraordinary!

JACK. Quite a new departure in monastical accomplishments.

HOLCROFT. Well, well! they say there is nothing new under the sun. Egad! I believe it after this.

JACK. They seem to play uncommonly well, too!

HOLCROFT. Humph! Uncommonly well! I should say this is not the first time they have played the game.

JACK. No, but it will be the last. Come! You take one curtain and I will take the other. We will soon put an end to this game!

(*Goes up, followed by Holcroft. They each take hold of a curtain, and on a signal from Jack draw them swiftly apart. Stebbings and Dawson are discovered, picturesquely draped in white table cloths and holding ping-pong racquets in their hands. Jack dashes in and seizes Stebbings by the arm, she screams and struggles violently. Holcroft covers Dawson with the gun.*)

HOLCROFT. Down on your knees, you villain!

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DAWSON (*dropping on his knees and holding up his hands*). Don't shoot, sir, don't shoot!

HOLCROFT. Dawson!

DAWSON. Yes, sir, it's me!

JACK. Stebbings!

STEBBINGS. Y—yes, sir!

(*Enter Elsie and Anne quickly from door on the right and the left.*

ANNE (*excitedly*). Tom, are you hurt? (*Goes to him.*)

ELSIE (*rushing to Jack*). Oh, Jack, what has happened?

JACK. Nothing to be alarmed at, dear. We have merely succeeded in surprising our nocturnal visitors, that is all.

ELSIE. Stebbings!

ANNE. Dawson! I thought so!

HOLCROFT. Humph! A pair of rascally, impudent baggages! (*Turning fiercely.*) Out of this house you go to-morrow, both of you!

STEBBINGS (*still weeping*). Oh, sir, don't be hard on us. We—we couldn't help it, sir!

HOLCROFT. Stuff and nonsense!

ELSIE. You couldn't help it, Stebbings?

STEBBINGS. Oh, no, miss. It's all through that ping-pong. It does get such a hold of you. I—I wish I'd never heard of it, I do! (*Weeps afresh.*)

HOLCROFT. Humph! So do I!

DAWSON. Yes, sir. It's that insinyvating you'd never believe it! I'm very, very sorry, sir, and if you'll only forgive us this time, sir, it won't ever occur again.

HOLCROFT. I will take precious good care of that!

JACK (*to Stebbings*). And so it was to indulge your infatuation for ping-pong that you thought of impersonating the Greystone Ghosts?

STEBBINGS (*sobbing*). Y—yes, sir! We—we thought that if you heard the noise you would think it was the ghosts, sir.

ELSIE. But why did you dress up like that, Stebbings?

STEBBINGS. So that if by chance you saw us, you — you shouldn't follow us, miss.

ELSIE (*aside*). Quite right—I shouldn't!

DAWSON. We found it all in that old book the master threw away.

HOLCROFT. The deuce you did! (*Turns to Dawson.*)

ANNE. Then I suppose that mysterious bell was a part of the performance?

STEBBINGS. Yes, ma'am. I was afraid the master might come down and catch us, so I did it to frighten him, ma'am.

HOLCROFT (*turning quickly*). Eh, what—what!

(*Elsie, Anne and Jack all turn towards Holcroft and burst out laughing simultaneously. Holcroft in vain endeavours to expostulate.*)

JACK. Come, guv'nor, after that ingenuous confession the only thing you can do is to forgive them.

HOLCROFT. Humph! I'll be hanged if I do!

ELSIE (*going to him*). Oh, please, Mr. Holcroft! I am sure they have been punished enough already.

HOLCROFT. You do, eh?

ELSIE. Yes, they haven't been able to finish the final. And the final, you know, is the best part of the game!

(*Holcroft smiles and shakes his head, reluctantly consenting as*

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BEASTS AND BIRDS AT MASS

An Account of the Quaint Ceremony at Cuzco in Peru, when Domestic Animals of all kinds are Blessed in Church.

By A. Beaumont.

The illustrations are from sketches made on the spot.

We have read in the histories and lore of ancient and mediæval countries of certain animals held sacred to certain gods and, in some cases, taking part in the religious ceremonies and processions. For instance, in India, a white bull is sacred to the god Shiva, and the same animal was sacrificed in Rome, in its early days, to the gods. Cats, also, were amongst the things holy to the gods of the ancient Egyptians. But all these instances of animals held sacred are among heathens, and, in many cases, they entered the temples solely for sacrificial purposes.

We can find, however, one instance in modern times of a general parade of domestic animals at church, not for purposes of sacrifice, neither in a heathen place of worship, but to attend Christian mass.

Far away in the wilds of Peru, beyond the rocky passes of the Andes, lies the little old-world town of Cuzco. Here are men born, here they die, seeing nothing of the outer world, knowing nothing. They drive their cattle to pasture, and when the evening sun sinks in that halo of glory found only in the tropics, drive their herds home again. This is their life, from day to day, unchanging, unceasing.

Thus it is no surprise to us to find customs of many centuries' standing, time-worn traditions dating back to the days when Spain sent her all-conquering galleys and her heavy-armed horsemen to denude the country of its historic beauties, to rob the temples of their accumulation of silver, and to butcher the innocent inhabitants.

Amongst these traditions one stands out with marked predominance. Early in April of each year the animals of the city and neighbourhood attend Divine Service, and are afterwards, in the majority of cases, presented to the church. Considering the size of the town, with its population of some five thousand whites and forty thousand Indians, it can readily be believed that the ceremony is a very important and serious one.

An Indian bringing some turkeys and fowls to be blessed.

The church itself is of unusual interest. Built by the Inca Emperor Manco Capaa, it was once a temple in which the sun was worshipped. The date of its foundation would

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be about 900 A.D. The Spaniards, after their occupation of the country, about the middle of the sixteenth century, added to the temple a marble floor and two towers.

The sight in the market-place and the neighbouring streets on the day of this particular service is wonderful. The people are arriving with their beasts. Here is a man driving a couple of oxen, shouting strange words to them; here an Indian boy, a pole on his shoulders, to which are tied several hens and chickens, together with a couple of turkeys and geese, all crying aloud in indignation against this most uncomfortable mode of transport.

Small dogs, chiefly remarkable for the entire absence of fur of any description, run about, yelping at the larger animals and chasing the chickens which have escaped from their owners' clutches. These dogs are valued by the Indians second only to their children.

Now there is a commotion amongst the four-footed and feathered mass. An Indian boy has two pigs in his care. Pigs were born irreligious, and these two are no exceptions. They run round the plaza, to and fro, between the feet of the staid and solemn cattle, with an utter disregard for the serious ceremony in which they are soon to play a prominent part. In vain the wretched boy chases them—the little demons elude his eager clutches with rapid dartings here and there.

Now we come upon a cow and her calf, the mother regarding her young one with pride, not unmixed with anxiety. These sheep here, what fine fleeces they have! Surely, they have been washed with care before a ceremony so sacred. Here is an old woman with a couple of papooses on her back, their heads appearing quaintly above her shoulders. She is followed by one of the Perrochino, or hairless dogs, already mentioned. Despite her great load, the good soul carries a basket of eggs for the Monks of St. Dominic, as an "All Souls" offering.

The mules and asses, llamas and horses, stand apart, for they are beasts of burden and,

Outside the church. It is no easy task to drive the animals into the sacred portals.

as such, can take no part in the ceremony. Neither are they offered to the priests with the others.

In that region of Peru money is scarce, and offerings to the church are given mostly in kind, cattle and sheep, turkeys, chickens, and ducks, or even eggs. The stipends of the clergy are usually made up from these sources.

This celebration, being also a mass for the dead, entails the draping of the church in black, which, added to the black vestments of

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the priests, presents in itself a gloomy effect. The vast floor of the church is soon packed with whites and Indians, surrounded by their animals, each regarding the solemn ceremony in the way peculiar to its breed. The cows look pained and puzzled, but otherwise, preserve a placid and calm exterior, sitting down and unperturbably chewing the cud. The sheep and lambs bleat plaintively, making attempts to move from their masters' sides, while the chickens and turkeys raise shrill voices in woeful lament at their forced presence there.

The entrance of the Padre, who, with the choir, intones the Introit, the "*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.*" ("Give them eternal rest, O Lord") disturbs the much troubled minds of the animals, who answer to the music dismally. As this is a Requiem Mass, there is no organ played, and the combination of the various vocal chords, strikes a weird and unnatural effect.

At the end of the service, the doors are opened, and instinctively every animal runs towards them. The crush is terrible and the noise redoubled; many of the lay brothers, having to come to the rescue of the bewildered Indians, and the still more bewildered beasts.

Once outside, however, peace reigns again, and the animals are given over to the Monastery by the lay brothers, and are driven off to the Convent, close by, or to the grazing grounds outside the town. It is pleasant to notice how the peasants give only the very best of their sheep, the sleekest of the cattle, or the handsomest of the turkeys, as offerings to the priest, a touching proof of their sincerity. To them the ceremony is no empty form, no customary obligation to be performed once a year.

The extraordinary scene inside the church while the animals are being blessed.

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How a Burglar got the best of Two "Coppers."

"YES! well, perhaps country coppers *are* the easiest to deal with," assented Mr. Tutt, ex-burglar and my present *protégé* to the extent of a few shillings bestowed in charity and repaid by these illuminating details of his former exploits; "but I have done one or two jobs at the expense of the London lot. Did I ever tell you about that affair out at W——?"

"You didn't, but you might," I suggested pointedly, and my shady companion with a nod of acquiescence complied.

"I had gone out on a general beat up, not knowing of anything in particular, but ready, as you might say, to take advantage of what was going.

"I was resting a bit and not particularly pushed, you know, having brought off a fairly decent little haul down Windsor way; but it doesn't do to get out of practice too much, and time and railway fare are well expended on trips like these.

"Maybe it is good luck, and maybe it ain't; but when you are doing a big job like as not you go free of interruption, and when you are doing nothing but walking out to get a breath of fresh air, as innocent as a babe in long clothes, up comes a copper, and before you know what is up you are bagged; and let me tell you, when once you are known, and they get you like that, it's long odds against you getting away again inside six months.

"Well, that's just how it was this time. I had stopped for a bit to rest after a longish walk, when a hand was suddenly clapped on my shoulder, and a voice said: 'What are you doing here?'"

"Whereabouts were you resting," I interrupted, growing suddenly interested.

"Outside the windows of a biggish house which had a sight of pretty things displayed about the tables, that made me think perhaps a marriage or something was going on," explained Mr. Tutt with a sly grin.

"It was a blue coated arm that belonged to that hand. I knew that much without looking, and I knew a few other useful things as well—as much almost as a suburban bobby.

"'Watching the presents,' said I, as easy and unconcernedly as I could make my voice sound.

"The bobby laughed, a nasty, short, spiteful laugh.

"'Cool,' said he.

"'Cool? Beastly cold I call it,' said I. 'One thing, the old man's a good sort with no teetotal nonsense about him, and there'll be a glass of something warming as well as a bob or two perks for me out of the job.'

"'Job?' said he.

"'Yes,' said I. 'What else do you suppose I'm standing in these blistering bushes for

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—the benefit of my health? Private, you know; laid on because the old buck thinks the local police are a blithering lot of fools and not to be trusted.'

"He squirmed; but he took his hand off my shoulder and got a bit more civil.

"'I heard something about it,' he remarked vaguely. 'The girl's getting married to that young chap up at the Towers to-morrow, isn't she?'

"'That's the size of it,' said I carelessly. 'And I only wish I had a few of the things she's taking with her for my own.'

"That cop was a youngish chap and very decent; but oh, so green! He told me all about himself, and that he'd come up from Norfolk, and had been in the force three years, and all about his beat and when the relief would be round. It was a perfect godsend to me, and I saw with half an eye that there was no reason why I shouldn't do the job after all—except for the cop himself.

"In a minute my mind was made up, and I resolved to chance it on a simple little plan that I had tried before and found to act like a charm.

"'You could do with a wet, I daresay,' said I, as he prepared to move on.

"He could! I have never met a policeman yet who couldn't.

"A flask I generally carry, and fortunately had with me, did the trick beautifully. It held whiskey—and other things. Knock-out drops the Yanks call them, and they are warranted to put a man to sleep inside five minutes.

"In half that time he was downright silly, and by the time I had led him round to the back of the house and got him into an old woodshed he was past being interested in anything.

"When I left the stable I was wearing my prisoner's helmet and boots and big coat, which turned me into a pretty fair sort of policeman, and it is as well they did, for I had barely got buttoned up and tidied when the short, springy step of a horse sounded on the road a little below me.

"Should I lay low and say nothing? If I did the chances were that the inspector—I knew from information received that he was due—would in all probability cover the beat and then, not seeing anything of the man on duty, would begin to make inquiries. I am of a sensitive retiring disposition, and I was particularly anxious just then that inquiries should not be made. Besides, it was unkind to the poor chap in the shed, who might get a wigging and lose his promotion for something which he couldn't help. I believe in justice without any law attached, and so, as I knew he wouldn't recognise me in the dark, I stepped out of the gate and flashed the lantern on the horse and rider opposite me.

"He was a dry, withered-up looking little beast of a chap, and his voice was a positive snarl.

"'What are you lounging in there for, Brant? Smoking again, I suppose?'

"'Smoked and cured by now, sir,' said I, saluting. It was difficult to be civil, but that was part of the game I was playing.

"'It's burglars, sure enough, sir,' I explained. 'Watched them for half-an-hour from behind the bushes, and would have nabbed them clean, only in sneaking round they heard me and bolted. After the presents, I think, sir.'

"'Confound you for a fool!' was the comment of the ungrateful brute. 'Why the deuce couldn't you go down to point and get assistance? Which way did they go?'

"'Two went across into the woods opposite, sir,' said I with simple dignity. 'The other chap stopped with me. Big chap, too! I believe it's the Lipwood gang, and we've got the leader.'

"'Got him, Brant! got him!' snapped my superior officer.

"Fancy making all that fuss about catching a poor wretched burglar! I could have kicked the beast for the gloat his tone conveyed.

"'Yes, sir. Trussed up in the stable and seeming very unhappy about something,' said I innocently.

"'That's good! I'll see you are mentioned for this, Brant,' said he patronisingly.

"'My word, I'll bet you will,' thought I, only I didn't say it. 'May be if I lay low and keep quiet the others will come back, sir,' I suggested instead.

"'Yes, or drop into the station below and save us trouble,' said he sarcastically. 'Let's have the one you've got and make certain of him. Where's your badge?'

"Thoughtlessly leaning forward to pat the horse, my coat had come within range of the light, and as sharp as a flash came the query.

"'Torn off in the struggle sir, I expect,' said I, looking more surprised than I felt to notice that it was missing.

"'Umph. What sort of a fellow did you say he was, Brant?'

"'Big, sir, big and vicious,' said I. 'It'll be a bit of a job to get him along to the station without assistance.'

"'Oh we'll see about that,' said he

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bumptiously. 'Just catch hold of my horse.'

"He dismounted, and under his direction I fastened his steed to the gatepost, and then led the way round to the back premises.

"My first idea had been to make one bin serve for the double load of official dust I had gathered up, but a little easy reflection showed me that this wouldn't do at all. I wasn't at all sure of the state of things at the woodshed then. This interview had occupied a considerable number of good and useful moments, and I couldn't tell just how my captive might have been employing them. If he had come to he might put me in a very awkward position.

"There was no lack of suitable sheds and outhouses, fortunately, and selecting one that seemed to be devoid of windows and provided with a stout and useful bar to serve as a fastening to the door I led the way across to that, with the inspector following eagerly in my wake.

"I peered in hurriedly as if oppressed with a momentary anxiety, and then in tones of chastened joy and pride I whispered: 'There he is, sir. Just over by that heap.'

"'I don't see anything, Brant,' said the inspector crowding past me in his eagerness.

"'Well see if you can smell it, then,' said I, seizing the opportunity and my superior officer and giving him a heave which sent him sprawling over the unalluring heap.

"Before he could recover himself I was well outside the shed and had the door barred, and my second capture for that night was complete.

"'Now for the third,' said I to myself meaning, of course, the plate and property in that drawing-room. But my luck had changed while I was enjoying it, and when I got round to the front again I found a fresh enemy in the field. A white-haired, high-class old cock he was, and I didn't want telling to know that the loot was lost to me for that go anyway.

"'Anything wrong, policeman?' he asked stepping through the French windows that opened out on to the path in front of the house.

"'No, sir,' said I promptly saluting 'Thought I heard suspicious sounds round the house, sir—taking special precaution to-night, sir.'

"'That's right, my man. Here's half-a-crown to drink my daughter's health with to-morrow. Dismal night you have got for —— What's that?'

"As a matter of fact it was the inspector raising Cain with a stout regulation boot against the door of the shed, and it was so pronounced that I abandoned my first intention of pretending that I couldn't hear anything.

"'One of the horses, I expect, sir,' I suggested. 'Sounds like kicking.

"'Ah, very likely,' he agreed. 'It's that

". . . Giving him a heave which sent him sprawling over the unalluring heap.'

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"I was in the saddle and pelting down the road before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

young colt, vicious brute! Best go and see if I can quiet it, though. It'll kick the stable to bits and perhaps injure one of the other——'

"A splintering crash interrupted him, and it didn't need the appearance of the sergeant round the corner to tell me that one of my birds was at liberty again, and if I would retain mine I'd best make tracks.

"I did—without even stopping to say 'Good-night.' Skipping through the gate, I recollected with the sight of it the inspector's mount, and hastily detaching the reins I was into the saddle and pelting down the road before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'

"Having put a good and useful seven miles of main and cross-country road between myself and the scene of my exploit, I began to grow a bit anxious about dropping my disguise and getting into safe quarters.

"Of course I could have abandoned the horse along with the helmet and cloak, but that meant a long walk at the best, and under the circumstances it was decidedly dangerous. Ordinary people like you have no idea of the attention that is paid them should they go strolling about in strange localities at night. If you don't believe me, try some little provincial town; leave your hat behind, and hang about a bit as if waiting for the first train for anywhere. Possibly you won't recognise it for what it really is; but you won't be on view half-an-hour before a friendly policeman asks the time, or for a match, and he'll ask a lot of other things as well which you won't in the least mind talking about.

"I didn't want any of that, and I didn't want a long walk. Luckily I saw how to dodge both when I came across an empty hay waggon drawn up by the side of the road, the driver asleep or drunk inside it, and everything looking as straight and simple as if it had been specially arranged to help a poor chap like myself out of a difficulty.

"The man was sleeping like a log, and I got his cap and put the policeman's helmet in its place, in case the poor chap should

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take cold, without disturbing him. The cloak I wrapped round him, and chucking the breeches, which I had worn over my own, and the lantern into the cart and changing boots with him, I put the officer's mount in the shafts in place of the cart-horse, and went lumbering off on that, sitting sideways, and too sleepy and surly to do more than grunt a heavy 'good-night' to the policemen I passed.

"I crossed the Epping road just before daybreak, and on the crest of the big hill which dips down into Waltham I calculated on letting the horse go and taking a short cut through the trees and bushes of the forest which borders the road on both sides. I had got off for this purpose when a chap with a bike showed up halfway down the hill. He was shoving it along in front of him, and looked as if he'd had a pretty fair doing.

"'Come far?' said I, when he got opposite me and stopped to take a breather.

"'Far enough,' said he. 'Broxbourne; but I don't get on with these beastly things at all. Going uphill you have to shove 'em, and going down they run away with you and do their level best to break your neck.'

"'You should have one of this sort,' said I, nodding towards the horse. 'They don't want shoving, and they won t run for anything you can do or say. Looks a decent jigger Do you mind me having a go? I can ride all right and won't crock it up.'

"'It ain't that,' said he. 'But you might forget to come back.'

"'What, and leave you with the guvnor's horse? That's very likely, ain't it?' said I. 'I may be yokel, but I ain't quite a fool, mister!'

"'Oh, no offence,' said he hastily. 'Of course I didn't think of the horse. Yes, you can try it if you like.'

"I did try it, and I liked it so much that I kept trying it all the way into Edmonton. What shocking liars some chaps are! That fellow told me he had come from Broxbourne, and the first chap I met in Edmonton butted me off the bike and swore I had stolen his machine.

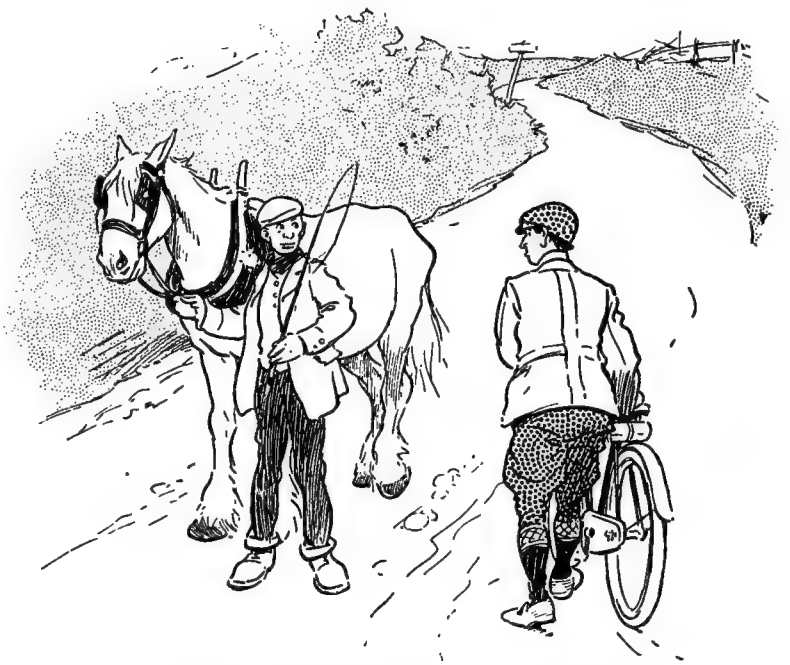
"It was awkward — very awkward. Of course, I hadn't stolen the machine, leastways, I hadn't stolen it from him. But he insisted that I had; the police seemed to think it very likely I had, and the magistrate was so positive I had that he gave me six months, and that was what I got for all the trouble and risk I had been exposed to. I daren't squeal, I daren't dare to say a word in defence of myself in case they sent me for trial and found out things which I preferred they shouldn't know. So I took the six months and did 'em, though I was as innocent as a new born babe."

"What became of the horse?"

"I never learnt, though I took considerable pains to," said Mr. Tutt. "Not, of course, that I cared a frippence about the brute; but I felt that I wanted to meet the low-down thief I left it with just for half a jiffy. There was a thing or two I needed to tell him, too, which, though he might not have wanted to hear, would have been good for him to listen to."

"Um," said I doubtfully. "Have a drink?"

"Right you are," returned Mr. Tutt.



"'You should have one of this sort,' said I."

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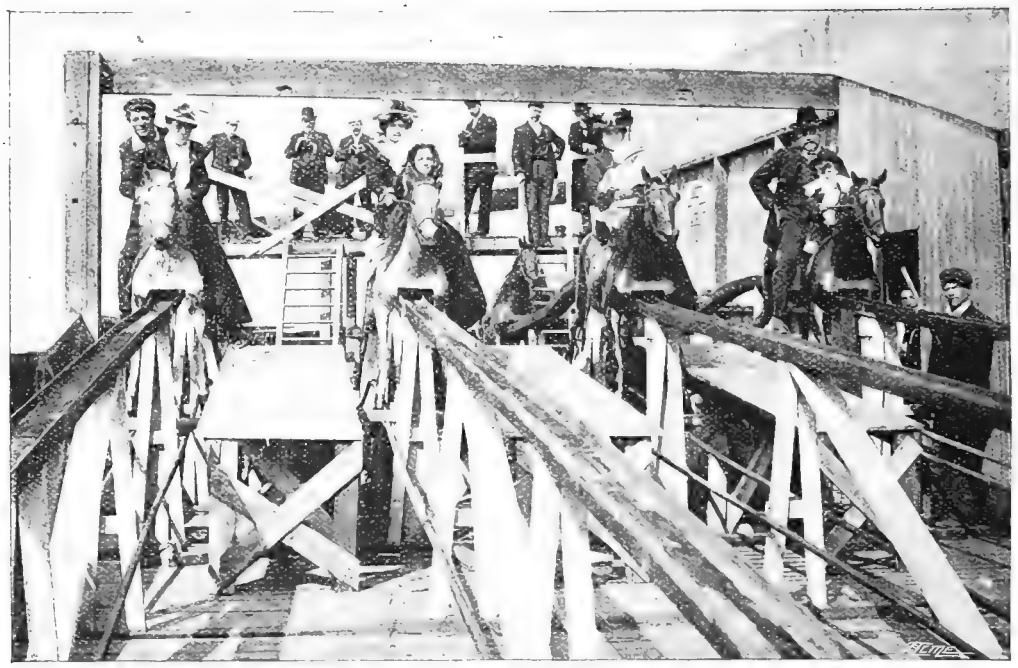

The start in the Gravity Steeplechase. The horses make nothing of carrying two jockeys—in fact, this only makes them run faster.

A GRAVITY STEEPLECHASE.

All About a Curious Racecourse, where the Horses are made of Wood, yet Trot, Jump, and Gallop, and are able to carry two or three riders at the same time.

By Leonard W. Lillingston.

We are often accused of taking even our amusements seriously. Whether that be so or not, it is certain the responsibility of providing new amusements is a serious enough matter. The public palate requires to be continually tickled by some new sensation.

We seldom pause to think of the immense expenditure of ingenuity, time and money which go, either one or all of them, towards the provision of a new form of entertainment. For example, the latest innovation, the Gravity Steeplechase Racecourse, cost many thousands of pounds to build, whilst a ship load of timber went to its construction.

The grounds of the Alexandra Palace are the home of this strange-sounding amusement. There the writer had the pleasure lately, not only of inspecting the steeplechase itself, but of taking a trial ride in company with Mr. J. W. Cawdery, the inventor and patentee.

We Britishers have been famed from time immemorial as breeders of racers. Mr. Cawdery may be said to have further improved the breed. By a simple but ingenious device he has done away with the necessity for racing stable, trainer, and all other costly equipments. For—you may have guessed it already—his steeds are of wood! They weigh about two hundred pounds apiece, and they present a more than tolerable likeness to the real animal.

The course is graded like the course of a switchback railway—with successive hills and valleys to enable a good, but not a dangerous, speed to be kept up. Each horse runs along a rail, raised above the course on stout upright posts; and when the rider mounts his steed, and is started with a gentle push, the useful force of gravity takes the matter in hand, and sees horse and rider safely to the end of their ride.

There is another point about the Gravity Steeplechase. When you have paid the modest fare, and have had your ride there still remains a great deal to be seen. In the inclosure formed by the course you will find all sorts of side-shows and shops well worth a visit. And, besides, you can watch the racing.

For it is real racing, remember. You can accelerate or diminish the pace of your steed

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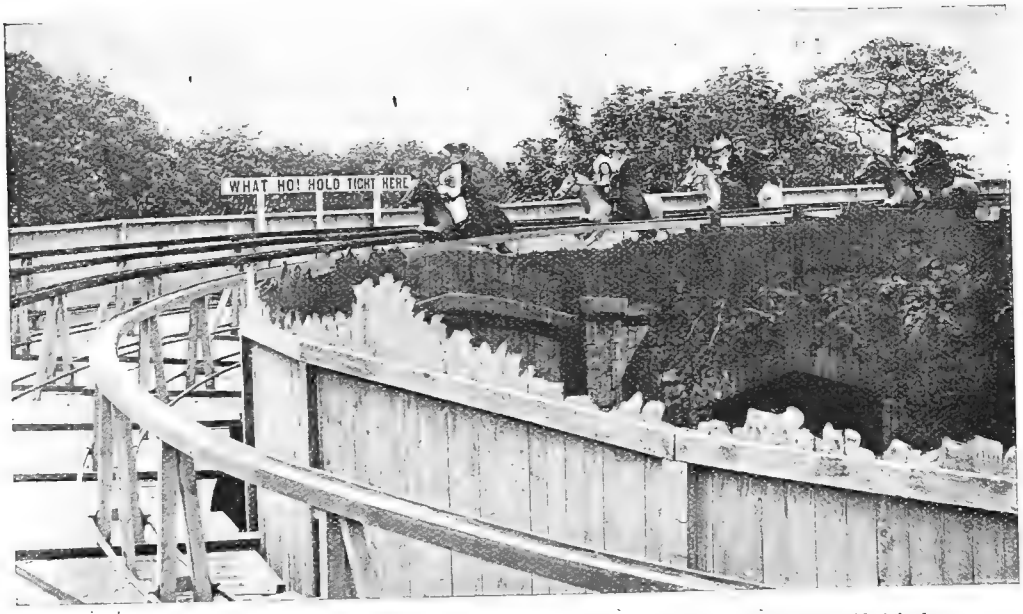
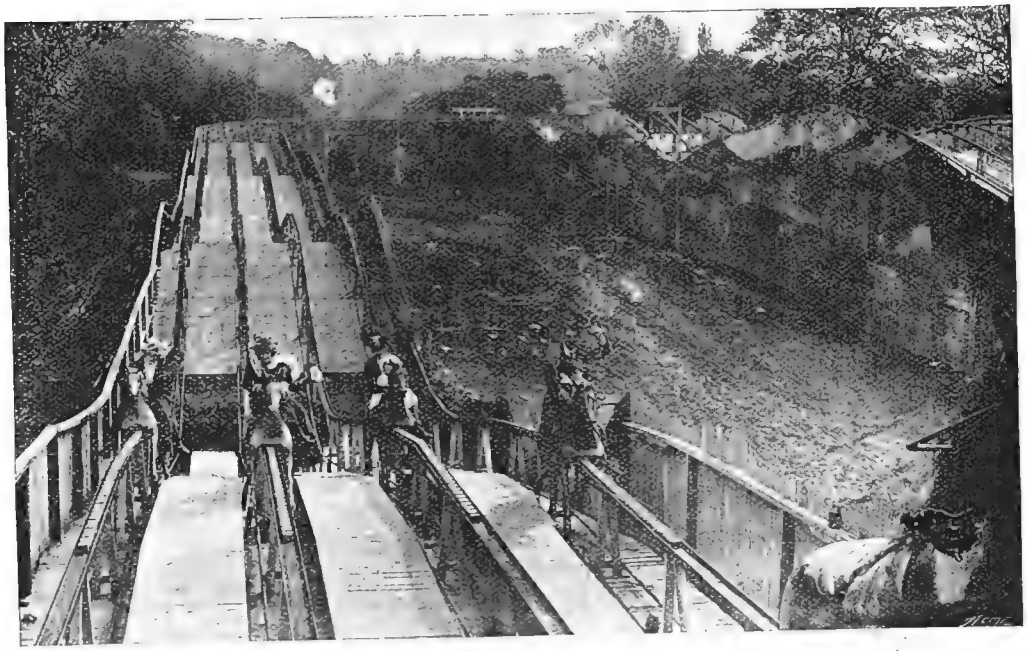


The "Tattenham Corner" of the Gravity Steeplechase Course. Those who ride are cautioned to hold tight here, as the horses come round the corner down an incline and at a swinging "gallop."

by the simple expedient of throwing your weight forward or backward. In fact you may practise all the arts known to the jockey with two exceptions—these horses do not go the faster by application of whip and spur. There is a *bonâ-fide* water jump, just before you reach the winning post, which adds a decided touch of realism.



Coming up the straight; the water jump has just been passed, and only a few more yards of the course remain. The winner of the race is the horse on the extreme right, who has had the inside course; but the one to come in second is the third horse from the right, so it will be seen that speed depends a good deal on jockeyship.

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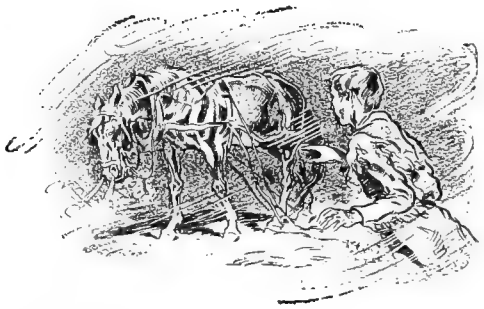
AT THE STROKE OF NINE.

By Charles Major.



A *Wolf Story.*

Late one afternoon—it was the day before Christmas—Balser and Jim were seated upon the bench in the fireplace reading. Mrs. Brent was sitting in front of the fire in a rude, home-made rocking-chair, busily knitting while she rocked the baby's cradle with her foot, and softly sang the refrain of "Annie Laurie" for a lullaby. Snow had begun to fall at noon, and as the sun sank westward the north wind came in fitful gusts at first, and then in stronger blasts, till near the hour of four, when Boreas burst forth in the biting breath of the storm.

How he howled and screamed down the chimney at his enemy, the fire! And how the fire crackled and spluttered and laughed in the face of his wrath, and burned all the brighter because of his raging! Don't tell me that a fire can't talk! A fire upon a happy hearth is the sweetest conversationalist on earth, and Boreas might blow his lungs out before he could stop the words of cheer and health and love and happiness, which the fire spoke to Jim and Balser and their mother in the gloaming of that cold and stormy day.

"Put on more wood," said the mother in a whisper, not to awaken baby. "Your father will soon be home from Brookville, and we must make the house nice and warm for him. I hope he will come early. It would be dreadful for him to be caught far away from home in such a storm as we shall have to-night."

Mr. Brent had gone to Brookville several days before with wheat and pelts for market, and was expected home that evening. Balser wanted to go with his father, but the manly little fellow had given up his ardent wish, and had remained at home that he might take care of his mother, Jim, and the baby.

Balser quietly placed a few large hickory logs upon the fire, and then whispered to Jim:

"Let's go out and feed the cows and shut them up for the night."

So the boys went to the barnyard to feed the horse and cows. They drove the sheep into the shed, and carried straw from the huge stack, placing it against the north sides of the barn and shed, to keep the wind from blowing through the cracks and to exclude the snow. When the cows were comfortable, cosy, and warm, the boys milked them and brought in the house four buckets full of steaming milk, which they strained and left in the kitchen, rather than in the dairy, that it might not freeze overnight.

Darkness came on rapidly, and Mrs. Brent grew more and more anxious for her husband's return. Fearing that he might be late, she postponed supper until Jim's ever-ready appetite began to cry aloud for satisfaction, and Balser intimated that he, too, might be induced to eat. So their mother leisurely went to work to get supper, while the baby was left sleeping before the cheery, talkative fire in the front room.

A venison steak broiled upon wood ashes, eggs fried in the sweetest lard, milk steaming hot from the cows, pan-cakes floating in golden syrup and yellow butter, sweet potatoes roasted in hot ashes, and a great slice of mince pie furnished a supper that makes one hungry to think about. The boys were hungry without thinking, and it would have done your heart good to see that supper disappear.

As they sat at the table they would pause in their eating and listen attentively to every noise made by the creaking of the trees or the falling of a broken twig, hoping that it was the step of their father. But the supper was finished all too soon, and the storm

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continued to increase in its fury; the snow fell thicker and the cold grew fiercer; still Mr. Brent did not come.

Mrs. Brent said nothing, but as the hours flew by her anxious heart imparted its trouble to Balser, and he began to fear for his father's safety. The little clock upon the shelf above the fireplace hoarsely and slowly drawled out the hour of seven, then eight and then nine. That was a very late hour for the Brent family to be out of bed, and nothing short of the anxiety they felt could have kept them awake.

Jim, of course, had long since fallen asleep, and lay upon a soft skin in front of the fire, wholly unconscious of storms or troubles of any sort. Mrs. Brent sat watching and waiting while Jim and the baby slept, and to her anxious heart it seemed that the seconds lengthened into minutes and the minutes into hours by reason of her loneliness. While she rocked beside the baby's cradle Balser was sitting in his favourite place upon the seat next to the fire.

He had been reading, or trying to read "The Pilgrim's Progress," but visions of his father and the horse lost in the trackless forest, facing death by freezing, to say nothing of wolves that prowled the woods in packs of hundreds upon such a night as that, continually came between his eyes and the page, and blurred the words until they held no meaning.

Balser . . . took down his gun . . . and started out in the . . . storm.

Gradually drowsiness stole over him, too, and just as the slow-going clock began deliberately to strike the hour of nine his head fell back into a little corner made by projecting logs in the wall of the fireplace, and, like Jim, he forgot his troubles as he slept.

Balser did not know how long he had been sleeping when the neighing of a horse was heard. Mrs. Brent hastened to the door, but when she opened it, instead of her husband, she found one of the horses, an intelligent, raw-boned animal named Buck, standing near the house. Balser heard his mother call, and quickly ran out of doors to the horse.

The harness was broken, and dragging upon the ground behind the horse were small portions of the wreck of the waggon. Poor Buck's flank was red with blood, and his legs showed all too plainly the marks of deadly conflict with a savage, hungry foe. The wreck of the waggon, the broken harness, the wounds upon the horse told eloquently as if spoken in words the story of the night. Wolves had attacked Balser's father, and Buck had come home to give the alarm.

Balser ran to the beacon upon the hill and kindled it for the purpose of calling help from the neighbours. Then he went back to the house and took down his gun. He wound a thick woollen comforter tightly about his head, and started out in the blinding, freezing storm to help his father, if possible.

He followed the tracks of the horse, which, with the aid of a torch, were easily discernible in the deep snow, and soon was far into the forest, intent upon his mission of rescue.

After the boy had travelled for an hour he heard the howling of the wolves, and hastened in the direction whence the sound came, fearing in his heart that he would find his father surrounded by a ferocious pack.

Soon he reached the top of a hill overlooking a narrow ravine which lay to the eastward. The moon had risen, and the snow had ceased to fall. The wind was blowing a fiercer gale than ever, and had broken rifts in the black bank of snowcloud, so that gleams of the moon now and then enabled Balser's vision to penetrate the darkness. Upon looking down into the ravine he beheld his father standing in the waggon, holding in his hand a branch, which he used as a weapon of defence. The wolves jumped upon the waggon in twos and threes, and when beaten off by Mr. Brent would crowd round the wheels and howl to get their courage up, and renew the attack.

Mr. Brent saw the boy starting downhill toward the waggon, and warned him to go

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back. Balser quickly perceived that it would be worse than madness to go to his father. The wolves would at once turn their attack upon him, and his father would be compelled to abandon his advantageous position in the waggon and go to his relief, in which case both father and son would be lost. Should Balser fire into the pack of wolves from where he stood he would bring upon himself and his father the same disaster. He felt his helplessness grievously, but his quick wit came to his assistance. He looked about him for a tree which he could climb, and soon found one. At first he hesitated to make use of the tree, for it was dead, and apparently rotten; but there was no other at hand, so he hastily climbed it, and seated himself firmly upon a limb which seemed strong enough to sustain his weight.

Balser was now safe from the wolves, and at a distance of not more than twenty yards from his father. There he waited until the clouds for a moment permitted the full light of the moon to rest upon the scene, and then he took deliberate aim, and fired into the pack of howling wolves.

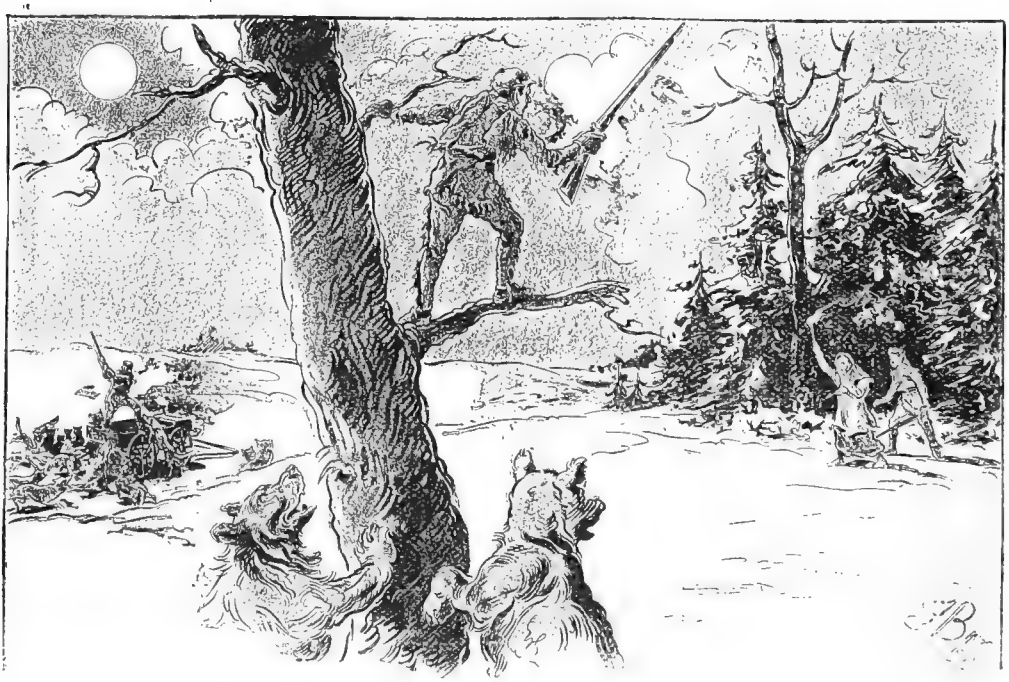
A sharp yelp answered his shot, and then a black seething mass of growling, fighting, snapping beasts fell upon the carcase of the wolf that Balser's shot had killed, and in less time than it takes me to tell you about it they devoured their unfortunate companion.

Balser felt that if he could kill enough wolves to satisfy the hunger of the living ones they would abandon their attack upon his father, for wolves, like cowardly men, are brave only in desperation. They will attack neither man nor animal except when driven to do so by hunger.

After Balser had killed the wolf, clouds obscured the moon before he could take another shot. He feared to fire in the dark lest he might kill his father, so he waited impatiently for the light which did not come.

Meanwhile, the dead wolf having been devoured, the pack again turned upon Mr. Brent, and Balser could hear his father's voice and the clanking of the iron upon the branch as he struck the wolves to ward them off.

It seemed to Balser that the moon had gone under the clouds never to appear again. Mr. Brent continually called loudly to the wolves, for the human voice is an awesome sound even to the fiercest animals. To Balser the tone of his father's voice, mingled with the howling of wolves, was a note of desperation that almost drove him frantic. The wind increased in fury every moment, and Balser felt the cold piercing to the



He called to Liney and Tom and motioned them frantically to go back.

Google

One of the bears immediately seized Balser.

marrow of his bones. He had waited, it seemed to him, hours for the light of the moon again to shine, but the clouds appeared to grow deeper, and the darkness more dense.

While Balser was vainly endeavouring to watch the conflict at the waggon, he heard a noise at the root of the tree in which he had taken refuge, and looking down he discovered a black monster standing quietly beneath him. It was a bear that had been attracted to the scene of the battle by the noise. Balser at once thought: "Could I kill this huge bear his great carcase certainly would satisfy the hunger of the wolves that surround my father." Accordingly he lowered the point of his gun, and, taking as good aim as the darkness would permit, fired upon the bear. The bear gave forth a frightful growl of rage and pain, and, as it did so, its companion, a beast of enormous size came running up, apparently for the purpose of rendering assistance.

Balser hastily reloaded his gun and prepared to shoot the other bear. This he soon did, and while the wolves howled about his father the two wounded bears at the foot of the tree made night hideous with their ravings.

Such a frightful bedlam of noises had never before been heard.

Balser was again loading his gun, hoping to finish the bears, when he saw two lighted torches approaching along the path over which he had just come, and as they came into view, imagine his consternation when he recognised the forms of Liney Fox and her brother Tom. Tom carried his father's gun, for Mr. Fox had gone to Brookville, and Liney, in her addition to her torch, carried Tom's hatchet. Liney and Tom were approaching rapidly, and Balser called out to them to stop. They did not hear him, or did not heed him, but continued to go forward to their death. The bears at the foot of the tree were wounded, and would be more dangerous than even the pack of wolves howling at the waggon.

"Go back! Go back!" cried Balser desperately, "or you'll be killed. Two wounded bears are at the root of the tree I'm on, and a hundred wolves are howling in the hollow just below me. Run for your lives!

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Run! You'll be torn in pieces if you come here!"

The boy and girl did not stop, but continued to walk rapidly toward the spot from which they had heard Balser call. The clouds had drifted away from the moon, and now that the light was of little use to Balser (for he was intent upon saving Liney and Tom) there was plenty of it.

The sound of his voice and the growling of the bears had attracted the attention of the wolves. They were wavering in their attack upon Mr. Brent, and evidently had half a notion to fall upon the bears that Balser had wounded. Meantime Liney and Tom continued to approach, and their torches, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have frightened the animals away, attracted the attention of the bears and the wolves, and drew the beasts upon them.

They were now within a few yards of certain death, and again Balser in agony cried out: "Go back, Liney! Go back! Run for your lives!" In his eagerness he rose to his feet and took a step or two out upon the rotten limb on which he had been seated. As he called to Liney and Tom and motioned to them frantically to go back, the limb upon which he was standing broke, and he fell a distance of ten or twelve feet to the ground, and lay half-stunned between the two wounded bears.

Just as Balser fell Liney and Tom came up to the rotten tree, and at the same time the pack of wolves abandoned their attack upon Mr. Brent and rushed like a herd of demons upon the three helpless children.

One of the bears immediately seized Balser, and the other one struck Liney a fearful blow with its horny paw and felled her to the ground. By the light of the torches Mr. Brent saw all that had happened, and when the wolves abandoned their attack upon him he hurried forward to rescue Balser, Liney and Tom, although in so doing he was going to meet his death. In a few seconds Mr. Brent was in the midst of the terrible fight, and a dozen wolves sprang upon him. Tom's gun was useless, so he snatched the hatchet from Liney, who was lying prostrate under one of the bears, and tried to rescue her from its jaws. Had he done so, however, it would only have been to save her for the wolves.

But his attempt to rescue Liney was quickly brought to an end. The wolves sprang upon Tom, and soon he, too, was upon the ground. The torches, which had fallen from the hands of Tom and Liney, continued to burn and cast a lurid light upon the terrible scene.

Consciousness soon returned to Balser, and he saw with horror the fate that was in store for his father, his friends, and himself. Despair took possession of his soul, and he knew that the lamp of life would soon be black in all of them for ever. While his father and Tom lay upon the ground at the mercy of the wolves, and while Liney was lying within arm's reach of him in the jaws of the wounded bear, and he utterly helpless to save the girl of whom he was so fond, Balser's mother shook him by the shoulder, and said: "Balser, your father is coming."

And Balser sprang to his feet, looked dazed for a moment, and ran half-weeping, half-laughing, into his father's arms just as the sleepy little clock had finished striking nine.

Capt. Freeman, of ss. *Roddam*, who tells the story of his awful experiences in Martinique.

The Martinique Disaster.

THE terrible disaster at St. Pierre, Martinique, that swept out of existence in a minute and a half the whole town with its forty thousand inhabitants, is fresh in the minds of all.

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This intensely interesting narrative will appear in the September Number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE (published on August 30th). It will be wise to order your copy now, as the demand for this issue is sure to be exceptionally large.

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CAP AND BELLS

A LITTLE boy was visiting an old lady, and, to amuse him, his kind hostess showed him some silhouette portraits of her father and mother, explaining to him who they were intended to represent. Dickie listened very attentively, and then said:

"Were they chimney-sweeps?"

* * * * *

A LAW OF NATURE.

It's easier for ten wise men
Their knowledge not to show,
Than it is for one fool not to hide
That which he doesn't know.

* * * * *

A Loss.

THE PLUTOCRAT: "I am £100,000 richer than I was yesterday."

WIFE: "You don't seem happy over it!"

THE PLUTOCRAT: "No; I'm two days older."

* * * * *

A SLIGHT OVERSIGHT.

MRS. SHOPLEY: "Oh, George! I bought a really handsome set of books to-day, on the instalment plan. All I have to pay is five shillings a month."

MR. SHOPLEY: "For how many months?"

MRS. SHOPLEY: "Dear me! I forgot to ask!"

* * * *

"Why, no. The stolen Gainsborough was not a hat—it was a picture."

"Oh, I thought from the value it was a hat."

The busier you are, the fewer disappointed hopes you will have to occupy your valuable time.

* * * * *

"I hear that when Wingdrop, the tragedian, proposed to Miss Carter, he paused when half through."

"Waiting for?"

"Waiting for the applause, I suppose."

* * * * *

Auntie: "So your mother promised you a piece of cake if you were good?"
Little Johnny: "Yes."
Auntie: "Well, then, why have you been so bad?"
Little Johnny: "'Cause she gave me the cake beforehand."

* * * * *

GAVE THEMSELVES AWAY.

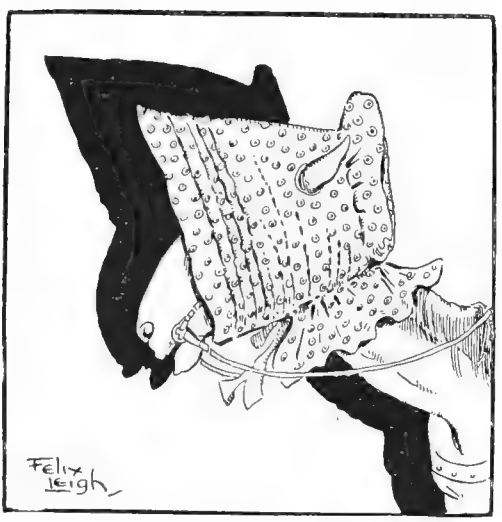
SHE: "And I am really and truly the first girl you ever kissed?"

HE: "Do you doubt it, darling?"

SHE: "Yes; your manner savours of long experience."

HE: "How do you know it does?"

* * * * *



"A MATTER OF OPINION."

Mrs. G. Gee: "Straw hats are no good, and rush toques are an absurdity. The only thing that really keeps one's head cool during the hot weather is a good old-fashioned *sun-bonnet*, and *I* think they are very becoming into the bargain!"

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A SIMPLE REMEDY.

Upon the hottest summer days
I do not fume and frown;
I just take my thermometer
And hang it upside down.

The mercury, as it climbs up,
Marks less and less degrees,
Until on very torrid days
I often nearly freeze.

* * * * *

HAROLD: "What did she say when you turned out the gas and kissed her?"

RUPERT: "Said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again."

* * * * *

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"I don't see how he can be such a popular clergyman, when he abuses his congregation so."

"Easy enough. Everybody thinks he is talking about everybody else."

* * * * *

ON THE WEDDING DAY.

HE (to himself): "I suppose it would look unfeeling to read the paper. Poor darling; she's worrying over leaving home!"

SHE (to herself): "I wish to goodness I had had my theatre gown cut square instead of a 'V'!"

* * * *

UP-TO-DATE WARFARE.

Lieut. Hunt: "Do you see that Captain of the enemy five miles away?"
Gunner's Mate: "Aye, aye, sir."
Lieut. Hunt: "Let him have one of those ten-inch shells in the eye."
Gunner's Mate: "Which eye sir?"

EQUALLY TO BLAME.

"You needn't hide that letter you're writing. That's impolite. I wasn't looking at it."

"You shouldn't have noticed that I was trying to hide it. That wasn't polite, either."

* * * * *

KNOTBEEN: "Did you find lodging high in Brighton?"

BINTHER: "Yes and no. I paid fifteen shillings a night for a bed in a basement."

* * * *

OBLIGING.

"Please give me something," the tramp said, as he came into the office; "anything will help me out."
So the man gave him his boot.

* * * *

A well-known German doctor was called in to attend a lady of high lineage: "Well, how do you feel, my dear madam?" inquired the doctor in the usually cheery manner.

"I am a marchioness, doctor," the lady replied, laying emphasis on the title.

"Ah! I am sorry to hear it," said the physician, "as that is a complaint I am unable to cure." And so saying he snatched up his hat and departed.

* * * * *

Here is a humourist's analysis of the sounds proceeding from a bagpipe: Big flies on window, 72 per cent.; cats on midnight tiles, 11½ per cent.; voice of infant puppies, 6 per cent.; grunting of hungry pigs in the morning, 5½ per cent.; steam whistles, 3 per cent; chant of cricket, 2 per cent.

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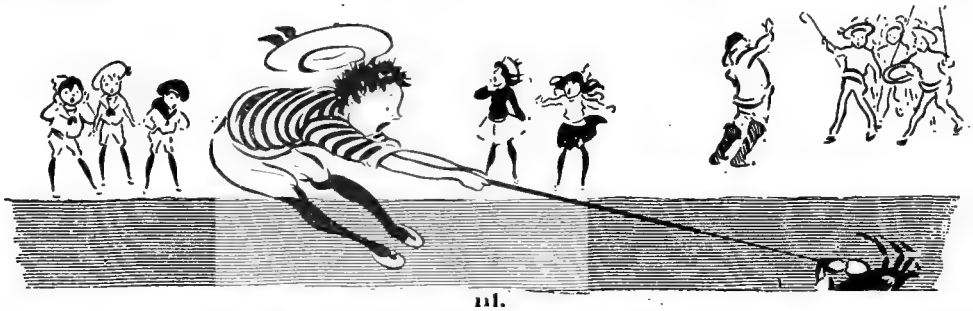
WE AND THE CRAB.

I.

"Hush! Not a word! I believe it's a bite! Don't tremble! Don't speak! Don't breathe! Just sit tight!"

II.

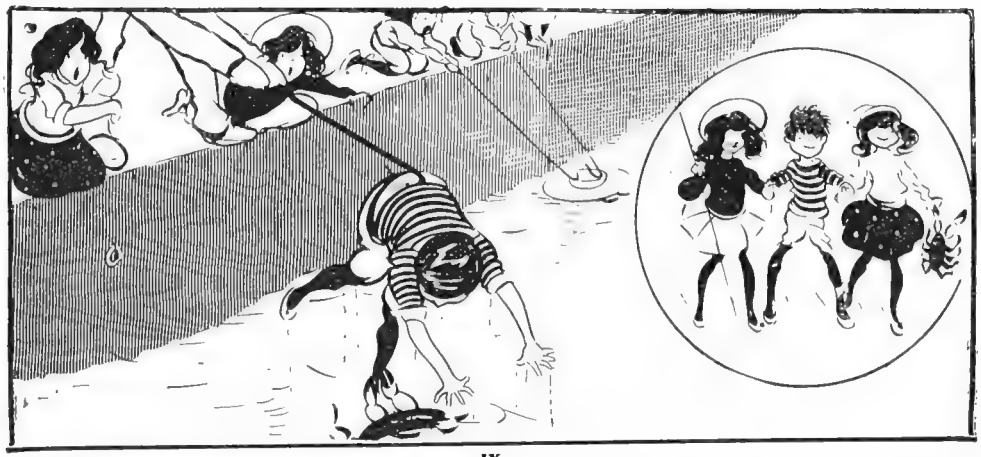
"A beauty! I've got him!" "Oh, ho! let me look!"
"Be careful, don't jerk it, he's taking the hook!"



III.

"Good gracious! What's happened? he's swallowed the pin!"

"I've plenty of others, *if I weren't falling in!*"



IV.

"I'm sure you two girls should be grateful to me.

"Since but for my pluck, you'd have no crab for tea!"

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LOVE PER FOUNTAIN PEN.

Dearest—
I take my pen in hand
To tell you how—(may curses light
On this invention! It must need
A shaking, for it will not write.)

To tell you how, from morn till eve,
I still am thinking—('twould appear
That the screw-nozzle's sprung a leak—
At all events, I've made a smear.)

Am thinking of my pet, my star,
My cherished Hen—(I must be quick
And close, for deluges impend
The line has changed from thin to thick.)

My cherished Henrietta! Now
Good-night! Thy

—It was sure
To come!—I said so!—quite a flood!)
P.S. Excuse the signature.

* * * * *

The truth about the matter is that we are just about as glad to see our relatives as they are to see us.

HELPING HIM ALONG.

Tom: "Do you think your father would offer me personal violence if I were to ask him for you?"
Edith: "Hardly. But there's no telling what he will do if you don't say something pretty soon."

* * * * *

On the Street.

Chestnutt: "What are you taking your hat off for?"

Burr: "Excuse me, but that last joke of yours is so venerable that I simply had to."

* * * * *

AN ECONOMIC PROBLEM.

Young Husband: "Seems to me, it is costing us a great deal to live."
Young Wife: "I know it is, but I can't imagine why. I always buy everything in very small quantities."

* * * * *

Just Like a Woman.

Benham: "Why did that woman keep you standing at the door for half-an-hour?"

Mrs. Benham: "She said she hadn't time to come in."

* * * * *

HOW IT ESCAPED.

Mother: "There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that?"
Tommy (who sees no way of escape): "Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other."

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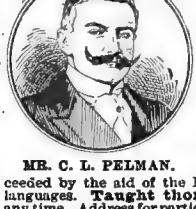

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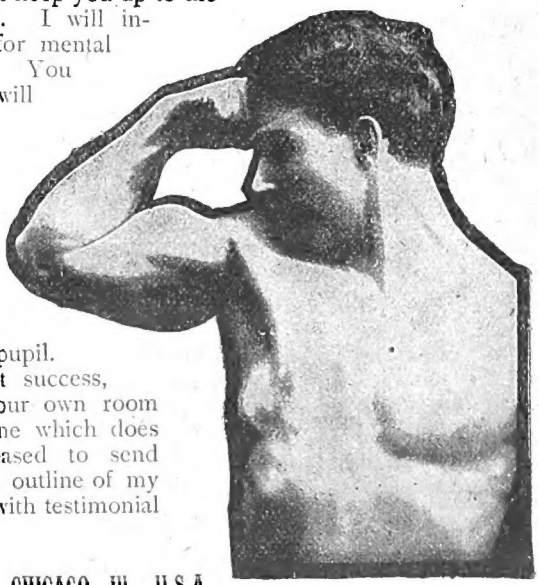

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